

THE MUSICAL MONTHLY ADVERTISER.

NEW WORK BY PROFESSOR HULLAH.

PART I. in super-royal 8vo., price 2s. 6d. sewed.
A GRAMMAR OF COUNTERPOINT.
 By JOHN HULLAH, Professor of Vocal Music in King's College, and in Queen's College, London, and Organist of Charterhouse.
 "Part II., treating of DOUBLE COUNTERPOINT, IMITATION, and FUGUE, and completing the work, will follow shortly.
 London: LONGMAN, GREEN, and CO., Paternoster Row.

New and cheaper Editions, price 5s. each volume,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS from ITALY and SWITZERLAND, with a Notice of his Life and Works, contributed by HENRY F. CHORLEY, Esq.; and LETTERS from 1833 to 1847. Both volumes translated by LADY WALLACE.
 London: LONGMAN, GREEN, and CO., Paternoster Row.

THE DONCASTER HERALD (established 1858), is a first-class weekly newspaper, size of THE TIMES, published every Friday, price Two-pence. Advertisements received on moderate terms by the proprietor, C. TOWNSEND, HERALD OFFICE, Doncaster, where all books or music, intended for review, must be sent.

"Wales is the Land of Poetry and Song."—BAXTER.
THIS following BOOKS will be sent (singly or together) for their value in stamps, by JOHN PRYSE, Bookseller, Llandudno, Montgomeryshire:—
 • Pryse's New Book of Cambrian Prose and Poetry. 1 6
 • Pryse's Handbook to the Breconshire and Radnorshire Mineral Springs. 9 9
 • Pryse's Welsh Interpreter, with an Essay on the Literature of Wales. 9 9
 • Evans's Specimens of Ancient Welsh Poetry. 7 6
 • Two Shillings—The Welsh Robin Hood. 7 6
 • Dick Aberdaron—the Cambrian Janus. 9 6
 • Pryse's Cambrian Almanack & Newspaper Directory. 9 6
 • The Cambrian Melodist, a collection of Welsh airs. 9 6
 CATALOGUE OF OTHER BOOKS POST FREE.

TO COMPOSERS ABOUT TO PUBLISH.—J. H. JEWELL, Music Publisher, undertakes the Printing and Publishing of every description of Musical Work, greatly under the usual charges. Estimates given.
 184 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, W.C., near the British Museum.

RAMSGATE.—Every article connected with MUSIC, LITERATURE and FINE ARTS, supplied on reasonable terms.—R. SPAIN, Library, High-street.



30 BERNERS STREET, Oxford Street, W., and 448 Strand, directly opposite Charing-Cross Railway Station. Established 1850. Every description of ARTIFICIAL TEETH at prices that defy competition. Consultation free.

S E W I N G M A C H I N E S. Wholesale and Retail Houses, or Private Parties purchasing Sewing Machines, will do well by paying a visit to

THE LONDON SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 12 FINSBURY-PLACE, NORTH.

Where the justly celebrated Wheeler and Wilson's, and all the best makers, are kept on sale.

P U R C H A S E R S TA U G H T F R E E O F C H A R G E.

Illustrated Prospectus free by post. Every description of work carefully and expeditiously done by experienced hands.

KITCHEN RANGES.—**BROWN BROTHERS'**

are the best adapted for heating BATHS, CONSERVATORIES, &c., and perfectly performing every other culinary operation. Requires little or no fixing, save half the coals, cure smoky chimneys. The only Range which can use the Patent Automaton Roaster. In operation daily at the Depot. LONDON: 43 CRANBOURN-STREET, W.C. Illustrated Catalogue post free. Hot Water Apparatus for Buildings.

LICHEN ISLANDICUS, or ICELAND MOSS COCOA, manufactured by DUNN AND HEWETT, London. Strongly recommended by the Faculty in all cases of debility, indigestion, consumption, and all pulmonary and chest diseases.—See testimonials of Dr. Hassall, Dr. Normandy, and others. To be had everywhere at 1s. 6d. per lb. MANUFACTORY, LONDON.

FILTERS.—In 20 shapes fitted with patent Moulded Carbon Blocks, in lieu of sponge, sand, gravel, and loose charcoal, have now attained such a high position in the opinion of persons competent to judge of such articles, and have become so generally appreciated by the sanitary portion of the public, that in a short space of time no one will be compelled to buy a plain filter, or a coarse or an earthenware one, for the kitchen, or in the house cistern. Health should be studied before wealth, and what is so conducive to health as a supply of water purified and filtered through the medium of media. C. V. REESSED & COMPOUNDED charcoal. Makers to the Royal Navy, Board, Board of Works, Bombay Railway, British Ice Co., Cheap Cooking Depots, &c. Jardins d'Acclimatation, Paris, &c. T. ATKINS and SON, 16 Fleet-street, London. Prospectus free.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, for producing a real sea bath in your own room. Five ounces should be added to each gallon of water. 5lb. or 12lb. bag sent direct from the dep't. on receipt of post-office order, value 5s. or 1s.—Tidman and Son, chemists, No. 16, Wormwood-street, E.C.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, used daily, immensely benefits weakly infants, as well as children of a larger growth. Sold by chemists everywhere. Sole proprietors, Tidman and Son, 16 Wormwood-street, London, E.C.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, extracted from the foaming billows, has been analysed by Dr. Hassall and other eminent chemists, who strongly recommend it as very superior to the rock and other salts previously used. It is the only efficient substitute for sea-salt.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT is of the utmost service in rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, weak joints, &c. It should be used daily. Several interesting cures have recently been effected. Testimonials may be seen at the office, 16 Wormwood-street, London, E.C. Sold by chemists throughout the world in bags of 5lb., 12lb., 25lb., and 1cwt.

A CUP OF COFFEE IN ONE MINUTE. DUNN'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE, 1s. and 2s. per Bottle.

May be had everywhere. Warranted to keep good in any climate.

TO COFFEE DRINKERS.—WHITE, FAIRCHILD, and CO.'S PATENT CONCENTRATED COFFEES are known throughout the Kingdom as the best. Ask for White, Fairchild and Co.'s Coffee. Tin canisters in 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 2d., and 2s. per lb.—Sold in every town, with full address, White, Fairchild, and Co. Steam Mills, 107 Borough, London, S.E.

PATENTS SEALED,
A. D. 1862.



FRANCE, ITALY, GREAT BRITAIN AND COLONIES.

TOSELLI'S FREEZING MACHINES,
The simplest, cheapest, and most effective for producing TRANSPARENT ICE, or COLD, For Domestic or Medical Purposes, by Artificial or Natural Means.

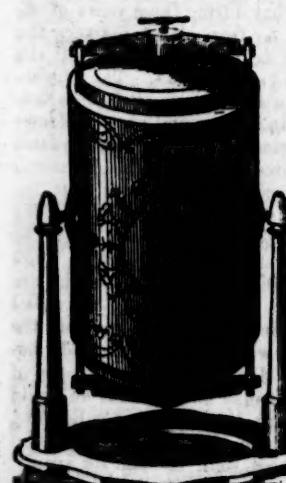
PRICES AND DIMENSIONS.

1. The Bijou, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, 15s.
 2. The Paragon, 1 pint, 30s.
 3. The Utilitarian, 1 quart, 40s.
- The Bijou and Paragon Machines are recommended for small family use, and being so portable, will be found convenient for medical purposes. The Utilitarian, in addition to supplying all the requirements of an ordinary household, is so constructed that, after creams are made, bottles of wine may readily be iced.

The advantages secured by this valuable invention may be thus briefly enumerated: 1. The simplicity of the machine enables inexperienced persons, in six minutes, to mould as well as make ices in a single operation. 2. Its convenient size makes it sufficiently portable for carriage in the pocket, whilst its cleanliness is such, that, not only in the kitchen is it indispensable, but in an opera-box or boudoir it could be used without soiling a glove. 3. It is the only machine that produces transparent ice, hence its value to the medical profession. 4. It is so ornamental in appearance that it may be placed upon the sideboard, where wines or fruits may be kept in ice until required for consumption.

Sold only by **BROWN BROTHERS**, 43 Cranbourn-street, London, W.C.

Where they may be seen in operation every Thursday. Illustrated Prospectus post free.



EXTERIOR OF MACHINE.



INTERIOR OF MACHINE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

500,000 SAMPLE PACKETS

(Each sufficient to make a Cup)

OF THIS INIMITABLE

CHOCOLATE POWDER

WERE GIVEN AWAY AT THE

International Exhibition of 1862,

And Thousands are now using it, pronouncing it to be unequalled in quality and excellence, invigorating the healthy, and renovating the invalid.

1 CUP OR TWENTY MADE IN ONE MINUTE.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS. PRICE 1s. PER POUND.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.
COMMERCIAL STEAM MILLS, LONDON.

Established 1812

HOW DO YOU CLEAN YOUR KNIVES?

The only cheap, reliable rotary Machine is the

"FURBATOR,"

From a GUINEA (cleans three knives).—See Treatise on Knife-Cleaning, BROWN BROTHERS: LONDON, 43 CRANBOURN STREET, W.C.

NEW PATENT CURTAIN HOOK

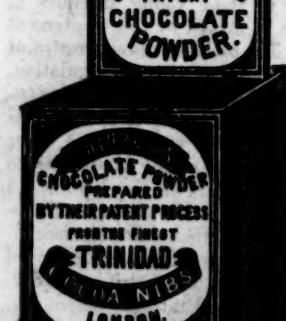
THAT REQUIRES NO SEWING,

and if reversed, can be used for many other purposes. To be had of all respectable shops in town and country.

PATENTEE,

W. TENT AND CO.,

23 Birch Lane, London, E.C.



TRADE MARK.

RELIABLE AND UNRIVALLED

SEWING MACHINE FOR THE FAMILY AND THE FACTORY.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Confidently offer their Machines as the most simple yet scientific in construction; most inexpensive yet effective in operation; most enduring the wear of years; in a word, as the Best, and, being so, the Cheapest in the World.

They stitch, hem, fell, tuck, frill, bind, gather, cord, braid, &c.



As a general rule, there can be little confidence placed in certificates or commendatory letters, and therefore during a period of several years, while the general reputation of Singer's Sewing Machines was being consolidated, we never published one of the very numerous letters containing expressions of satisfaction and gratitude which we were constantly receiving. The reputation of a good thing, like the general influence of the sun and rain, is diffused through the community by a general irresistible law. Upon that general favourable character we prefer to sell our machines. In all cases where it is practicable, we advise those who wish to purchase a machine for sewing to call on us, and particularly decide between them, and particularly when any person is inclined to buy one of our machines. We wish enquiries as to their qualities to be made of some one who has had experience in using them, so that the purchaser will feel entire confidence. No one is important to purchase. Our purpose is to sell the best machines at a fair price, and endeavour to pay such attention to our customers, that one machine will always be the means of selling another. We are now allowed to mention that a part of the sum of the Princess Alice, recently married to Prince Louis of Hesse, was one of our Family Machines in full cabinet.

Ninety Thousand in Operation in all Quarters of the Globe. Shipping Orders Executed. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet Post Free.

98 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.



THE

MUSICAL MONTHLY,

A REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE

THE DRAMA AND THE ARTS

ORGAN OF THE MUSES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

JUNE 1st, 1864.

[Right of Translation reserved.

Editorials.

MEYERBEER.

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He has gone from us for ever;
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!"

PERHAPS at that sorrowful time when the air is laden with the echo of farewells for the dying we realize more than at any other season what a mysterious union exists between the living and the dead. The truism that no man can work for himself without labouring at the same time for others, is more forcibly impressed upon the imagination during that first fresh sorrow, when we turn away from the bier, where, beneath the icy touch of Death, crumbles that fragment of mortality—the broken casket from which has escaped a spirit whose light, ere it was extinguished on earth, left upon the world a halo of blessing. Such reflections, doubtless, have occurred to the minds of some of our readers, who, since we last addressed them, have been startled by the unexpected and mournful intelligence of the death of GIACOMO MEYERBEER; and although in this country his death has scarcely seemed to have been noticed, yet at Berlin a garland of *immortelles* woven by royal hands was placed on his coffin; and at Paris, at the Grand Opera, his marble bust was covered with cypress and laurels, whilst scarcely a town in Germany failed to demonstrate by some public act the deep respect felt for this gifted composer. At Paris, where he died, and from whence his remains were conveyed to Berlin, every sign of respect was paid to his remains. In this country, however, there have been few visible tokens of reverence or respect. We have seemed to pass by the event of mortality altogether; yet, by a strange coincidence, that which is immortal in connection with the name of MEYERBEER has been recalled in a most forcible manner, and, instead of unveiling a bust of the great composer, here, as in a splendid panorama, during the week that his remains were conveyed to their last resting-place, his three greatest works were produced at the finest operatic establishments in the world,—viz. *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, and *Robert le Diable*—works which, undoubtedly, entitle MEYERBEER to rank among the greatest and most popular composers of this epoch. It is not, however, to speak of his great triumphs that we revert to the mournful event of the past month. We would attempt to gather some useful reflections from the life of this great musician, although it will readily be understood, that we can in this place but slightly touch upon either his genius or his career. The "flower on the grave" is intended, not the "splendid monument." The life of MEYERBEER asserts again the prerogative of genius, who, with whatever circumstances she may surround her children, endows them with the requisite powers to work out her exalted purposes. Too often is it thought that the seeds of genius find their most congenial soil in the

sterile furrows of poverty. The history of musicians, like the biography of authors, supplies, alas! too much evidence of what has been done amidst privation and sorrow, bodily discomfort and physical pain, and it is therefore with satisfaction that we are conscious that the works of MEYERBEER are not the costly fruits of bitter experiences. His father, JACQUES BEER, was a wealthy Jewish banker, and early perceiving the genius of his son, who at the age of four years is said to have manifested remarkable musical intelligence, he at once took care to supply the advantages of education, and committed the child to the tuition of LAUSKA, a pianist, pupil of CLEMENTI—a good player and teacher. At the age of seven he delighted musicians famous in the art, and at nine he was pronounced by the critics of his country one of the best pianists in Germany. On the occasion of two benefit concerts at the theatre of Berlin, in the politically momentous years of 1803 and 1804, MEYERBEER was first heard of in public, and the success he subsequently achieved was unmistakable. The Abbé VOGLER, a celebrated rhetorician and musician, at that time organist of Darmstadt, hearing of MEYERBEER's remarkable promise, invited him to that city, where he was associated as a student with CARL MARIA VON WEBER. This circumstance appears to have wonderfully influenced the genius of MEYERBEER, and to the impressions produced upon so susceptible a mind by the solemn swell of the cathedral music we are doubtless indebted for the glorious inspirations which, scattered over his later works, adapt themselves with such marvellous felicity to the solemn and supernatural themes of which he treated. At Darmstadt, MEYERBEER, in 1809, produced an oratorio entitled *Jephtha's Vow*. At this period he seems to have thought slightly of Italian music; but visiting Italy at a time when ROSSINI's genius had begun to captivate the musical world, he seems to have abandoned a severe style, and manifested a decided inclination for attractive melody. During the years from 1818 to 1825, MEYERBEER produced several operas, a series which may be said to have been successfully brought to a close by the composition of *Il Crociato*, principally interesting to us from the fact, that at its first representation in England MALIBRAN was introduced to the operatic stage. We have mentioned these dates with special reference to a remarkable circumstance. Although this last work was received with acclamations throughout Europe, and seemed to be the means of sealing the reputation of MEYERBEER as a composer of real genius, he was far from satisfied with the standard of excellence he had attained. He did not follow up these successes by any hasty repetitions or ill-considered experiments, but, as it has been truly remarked of our own poet TENNYSON, he allowed his genius to ripen, and his mind was educated afresh for the higher flights of imagination. The tempting colours of that worthless fruit, ephemeral popularity, possessed no charm and offered no attraction to MEYERBEER's mind. From 1825 to 1831 his operatic muse was silent. In November

1832 *Robert le Diable* was first produced at the Grand Opera in Paris. So unlike his early writings, this grand composition appeared to be the work of another master. The hold it instantly took upon the stage, and the enthusiasm it continues to inspire, prove that during those years of silence MEYERBEER was far from idle. Between the production of *Robert le Diable* and that of the *Huguenots* nearly five years elapsed. The *Huguenots* was considered an advance on *Robert* in dramatic interest, if not in beauty and variety of melody, and the story, being more interesting, became more popular. The interval between the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète* was nearly three times that between the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable*. The *Prophète* was brought out in 1849. In 1814 the *Etoile du Nord* was first performed, and in 1859 *Pardon de Ploërmel* (Dinorah). These works are the best monument to the memory of this gifted composer, and are sufficient to counteract all the invidious comparisons which have been made between the genius of MEYERBEER and of some of his contemporaries. It may be true that he could not, like HANDEL, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN, or ROSSINI, pour forth at the spur of the moment wonderful melodies, whose "echoes shall enchant for ever;" yet for this reason his works are endowed with increasing interest and value. His was rather the calculating, calm, penetrative Tennysonian genius, than the quick-creative, brilliant Byronic passion, which dazzles by the wonderful inspiration of a moment; and such genius supplies a fund of wholesome encouragement to those young disciples of art who are too apt to be misled by the excitement of first composition. The patience and self-restraint of MEYERBEER is indeed worthy of emulation. The last great work, the *Africaine*, which MEYERBEER is said to have left as a legacy to the musical world, has been withheld for years, for no other reason than that he could not satisfy himself as to a fit representative for the part of the heroine—a remarkable proof of MEYERBEER's attention to details, and his appreciation of their value in the consolidation of success. He would have destroyed an opera rather than produce it before it had undergone the most searching consideration. There was no completing the last bars behind the scenes on the night of representation, as we were told last winter was the case with one of our prolific English opera-manufacturers. MEYERBEER first satisfied himself as to the permanent value of his own work, and then set himself to consider the accessories which would be necessary to make his triumph complete. The singers, the chorus and the band, the dancers, the scenery, the dresses, the *mise-en-scène*, all occupied his most serious thoughts. He superintended rehearsals, lent the aid of his counsels to the conductor and stage-manager, and would frequently strike out a new idea for painter or mechanist, whereby some scene or incident might be vastly benefited. This is the way that MEYERBEER built up for himself an enduring reputation; and, truly, his works viewed in this light, become beacons to the true disciple of art.



THE MUSICAL MONTHLY ADVERTISER.

NEW WORK BY PROFESSOR HULLAH.

PART I. is super-royal 8vo., price 2s. 6d. net. vol.

A GRAMMAR OF COUNTERPOINT.
By JOHN HULLAH, Professor of Vocal Music in King's College, and in Queen's College, London, and Organist of Charterhouse.
PART II., treatment of DOUBLE COUNTERPOINT, Imitation, and
FUGUE, and concluding the work, will follow shortly.
London: LONGMAN, GREEN, and CO., Paternoster Row.

New and cheaper Editions, price 6s. each volume,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS from ITALY and SWITZERLAND, with a Notice of his Life and Works, compiled by Henry F. Chorley, Esq.; and LITERARY from 1825 to 1847, both volumes translated by Lady WALLACE.
London: LONGMAN, GREEN, and CO., Paternoster Row.

THE DONCASTER HERALD (established 1858, is a five-times weekly newspaper, size of THE TIMES, published every Friday, price Two-pence. Advertisements received on moderate terms by the proprietor, G. TOWNSEND, HERALD OFFICE, Doncaster, where all books or music, intended for review, must be sent.

"Wales is the Land of Poetry and Song."—BAKSTER.

THE following BOOKS will be sent (singly or

together) for their value in postage, by JOHN PRYCE, Bookseller, Llandaff, Montgomeryshire:

"Pryce's New Book of Cambrian Poems and Poetry."

"Pryce's Handbook to the Breconshire and Mon-

mouthshire Highlands."

"Pryce's Welsh Anthology, with an Index on the

Subjects of the Anthology, Welsh Poetry."

"The Welsh Gaels"—the Welsh Robin Hood."

"Welsh Antiquities"—the Cambrian Almanac."

"Pryce's Cambrian Almanack & Newspaper Directory."

"The Cambrian Melodist," a collection of Welsh airs.

CATALOGUES OF OTHER BOOKS POST FREE.

TO COMPOSERS ABOUT TO PUBLISH.

J. H. JEWELL, Music Publisher, undertakes the Printing and Publishing of every description of Musical Work, greatly under the usual charge. Estimates given.
344 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, W.C., near the British Museum.

RAMSGATE.—Every article connected with MUSIC, LITERATURE, and FINE ARTS, supplied on reasonable terms.—S. SPAIN, Library, High-street.



30 BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.
and 465 Strand, directly opposite Charing-Cross Railway Station. Established 1858. Every description of ARTIFICIAL TEETH at prices that defy competition. Catalogues free.

S E W I N G M A C H I N E S.
Wholesale and Retail Houses, or Private Parties purchasing Sewing Machines, will do well by paying a visit to

THE LONDON SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
18 FINSBURY-PLACE, NORTH,
Where the justly celebrated Wheeler and Wilson's, and all the best machines, are kept on sale.

PURCHASERS TAUGHT FREE OF CHARGE.
Illustrated Prospectus free by post.
Every description of work carefully and expeditiously done by expert hands.

KITCHEN RANGES.—BROWN BROTHERS'
are the best adapted for heating BATHA CONSERVATORIES, &c., and perfectly performing every other culinary operation. Requires little or no fixing, save half the cost, cure and eliminate. The only range which can meet the want of the most Anterior Kitchen. In operation daily at the Depot, LONDON: 43 CRANBOURN-STREET, W.C. Illustrated Catalogue post free. Hot Water Apparatus for Buildings.

LICHEN ISLANDICUS, OR ICELAND MOSS, manufactured by DUNN AND HEWITT, London. Strongly recommended by the French in all cases of debility, impotency, consumption, and all malady and chronic disease. Testimonials may be seen at the office, 16, Wormwood-Street, E.C. Sold by druggists throughout the world in bags of 10s., 12s., 15s., and 18s.

TO COFFEE DRINKERS.—WHITE, FAIRCHILD, and CO.'S PATENT CONCENTRATED COFFEES are known throughout the Kingdom as the best. Take our White, Fairchild and Co.'s Coffee. Tin containers, 1d., 1s. 6d., 2s., and 3s. per lb. Sold in every town, with full directions, White, Fairchild, and Co. Steam Mills, 167 Borough, London, S.E.

FILTERS.—In 20 shapes fitted with patent Moulded Carbon Blocks, in form of sponge, sand, gravel, and loose charcoal, have now attained such a high position in the estimation of persons competent to judge of such articles, and have become so generally accepted by the sanitary portion of the public, that in a short space of time no home will be complete without a glass filter for the sideboard or an earthenware one for the kitchen, or in the house cistern. Health should be studied before wealth, and what is so conducive to health as a supply of water purified and filtered through the medium of media. C. W. REED & COMPANY, Pharmacists, Makars to the Royal Navy, British Iron Co., Cheap Cleaning Depot, &c., Jenkins d'Accoustisation, Paris, Dr. T. ATKINS and SON, No. 16, Wormwood-Street, E.C. Proprietors free.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, for producing a real sea bath in your own room. Five ounces should be added to each gallon of water. A 5lb. or 12lb. bag sent direct from the depot on receipt of post-office order, value 5s. or 10s.—Tidman Sea Salt, depots, No. 16, Wormwood-Street, E.C.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, used daily, immensely benefits weakly infants, as well as children of larger growth. Sold by chemists everywhere. See proprietors, Tidman Sea Salt, Wormwood-Street, London, E.C.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT, extracted from the fuming billets, has been analyzed by Dr. Hassall and other eminent physicians, who strongly recommend it as very superior to the rock and other salts previously used. It is the only constant salt used for sea-bathing.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT is of the utmost service in rheumatism, rheumatic, neuralgic, weak joints, &c. It should be used daily. Several interesting cases have been reported. Testimonials may be seen at the office, 16, Wormwood-Street, London, E.C. Sold by druggists throughout the world in bags of 10s., 12s., 15s., and 18s.

A CUP OF COFFEE IN ONE MINUTE.
DUNN'S EXTRACT OF COFFEE.
1s. and 2s. per lb.

May be had everywhere. Warranted to keep good in any climate.

TO COFFEE DRINKERS.—WHITE, FAIR-
CHILD, and CO.'S PATENT CONCENTRATED COFFEES are known throughout the Kingdom as the best. Take our White, Fairchild and Co.'s Coffee. Tin containers, 1d., 1s. 6d., 2s., and 3s. per lb. Sold in every town, with full directions, White, Fairchild, and Co. Steam Mills, 167 Borough, London, S.E.

PATENTS SEALED,

A. D. 1862.



FRANCE, ITALY, GREAT BRITAIN AND COLONIES.

TOSELLI'S FREEZING MACHINES,

The simplest, cheapest, and most effective for producing TRANSPARENT ICE, or COLD.

For Domestic or Medical Purposes, by Artificial or Natural Means.

PRICES AND DIMENSIONS.

1. The Bijou, ½ pint, 16s. 2. The Paragon, 1 pint, 30s. 3. The Utilitarian, 1 quart, 40s.

The Bijou and Paragon Machines are recommended for small family use, and being so portable, will be found convenient for medical purposes. The Utilitarian, in addition to supplying all the requirements of an ordinary household, is so constructed that, after ices are made, bottles of wine may readily be iced.

The advantages secured by this valuable invention may be thus briefly enumerated: 1. The simplicity of the machine enables inexperienced persons, in six minutes, to mould as well as make ices in a single operation. 2. Its convenient size makes it sufficiently portable for carriage in the pocket, whilst its cleanliness is such that, not only in the kitchen is it indispensable, but in an opera-box or boudoir it could be used without soiling a glove. 3. It is the only machine that produces transparent ice, hence its value to the medical profession. 4. It is so ornamental in appearance that it may be placed upon the sideboard, where wines or fruits may be kept in ice until required for consumption.

Sold only by BROWN BROTHERS, 43 Cranbourn-street, London, W.C.

Where they may be seen in operation every Thursday. Illustrated Prospectus post free.



INTERIOR OF MACHINE.



INTERIOR OF MACHINE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

500,000 SAMPLE PACKETS

(Each sufficient to make a Cup)

OF THIS IRIMITABLE

CHOCOLATE POWDER

WHICH IS GIVEN AWAY AT THE

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862,
And Thousands are now using it, pronouncing it to be unequalled in quality and excellence, invigorating the healthy, and renovating the invalid.

1 CUP OR TWENTY MADE IN ONE MINUTE.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS. PRICE 1s. PER POUND.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

COMMERCIAL STEAM MILLS, LONDON.

Established 1812

HOW DO YOU CLEAN YOUR KNIVES?

The only cheap, reliable rotary Machine is the

"FURBATOR,"

From a GUINEA (cleans three knives).—See Treatise on Knife-Cleaning.
BROWN BROTHERS: LONDON, 43 CRANBOURN STREET, W.C.

NEW PATENT CURTAIN HOOK

THAT REQUIRES NO SEWING,

and if reversed, can be used for many other purposes. To be had of all respectable shops in town and country.

PATENTEE,

W. TENT AND CO.,

23 Bircham Lane, London, E.C.

HOOK OPEN.



**RELIABLE AND UNRIVALLED
SEWING MACHINE
FOR THE FAMILY AND THE FACTORY.**

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Confidently offer their Machines as the most simple yet scientific in construction; most inexpensive yet effective in operation; most enduring the wear of years; in a word, as the Best, and, being so, the Cheapest in the World.

They stitch, hem, full, back, yell, baste, over, braid, &c.

As a general rule, there can be little confidence placed in certificates or commendatory letters, and therefore, during a period of several years, while the general reputation of Singer's Sewing Machines was being established, we never published one of the very numerous letters containing expressions of satisfaction and admiration, which were sent to us. We have, however, now collected a few of them, and have caused them to be printed, to show the community by a general creditable law, upon that general favourable character we prefer to rely. In all cases where it is practicable, we advise those who intend to purchase a machine for sewing to call on one who has had experience in using them, so that he may give you full and entire confidence. No one is better qualified to furnish such information than the manufacturer himself. And particularly when any person is induced to buy one of our machines, we assure him that he will find no better investment. And particularly when any person is induced to purchase one of our machines, we assure him that he will find no better investment. We are now enabled to announce that a part of the

Twenty Thousand in Operation in all Quarters of the Globe. Shipping Direct—cheapest. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet Post Free.

28 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.



THE

MUSICAL MONTHLY.

A REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE

THE DRAMA AND THE ARTS

ORGAN OF THE MUSES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

JUNE 1st, 1864.

[Right of Translation reserved.

Editorials.

MEYERBEER.

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He has gone from us for ever;
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!"

PERHAPS at that sorrowful time when the air is laden with the echo of farewells for the dying we realize more than at any other season what a mysterious union exists between the living and the dead. The truism that no man can work for himself without labouring at the same time for others, is more forcibly impressed upon the imagination during that first fresh sorrow, when we turn away from the bier, where, beneath the icy touch of Death, crumbles that fragment of mortality—the broken casket from which has escaped a spirit whose light, ere it was extinguished on earth, left upon the world a halo of blessing. Such reflections, doubtless, have occurred to the minds of some of our readers, who, since we last addressed them, have been startled by the unexpected and mournful intelligence of the death of GIACOMO MEYERBEER; and although in this country his death has scarcely seemed to have been noticed, yet at Berlin a garland of *immortelle* woven by royal hands was placed on his coffin; and at Paris, at the Grand Opera, his marble bust was covered with cypress and laurels, whilst scarcely a town in Germany failed to demonstrate by some public act the deep respect felt for this gifted composer. At Paris, where he died, and from whence his remains were conveyed to Berlin, every sign of respect was paid to his remains. In this country, however, there have been few visible tokens of reverence or respect. We have seemed to pass by the event of mortality altogether; yet, by a strange coincidence, that which is immortal in connection with the name of MEYERBEER has been recalled in a most forcible manner, and, instead of unveiling a bust of the great composer, here, as in a splendid panorama, during the week that his remains were conveyed to their last resting-place, his three greatest works were produced at the finest operatic establishments in the world,—viz. *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, and *Robert le Diable*—works which, undoubtedly, entitle MEYERBEER to rank among the greatest and most popular composers of this epoch. It is not, however, to speak of his great triumphs that we revert to the mournful event of the past month. We would attempt to gather some useful reflections from the life of this great musician, although it will readily be understood, that we can in this place but slightly touch upon either his genius or his career. The "flower on the grave" is intended, not the "splendid monument." The life of MEYERBEER asserts again the prerogative of genius, who, with whatever circumstances she may surround her children, endows them with the requisite powers to work out her exalted purposes. Too often is it thought that the seeds of genius find their most congenial soil in the

sterile furrows of poverty. The history of musicians, like the biography of authors, supplies, alas! too much evidence of what has been done amidst privation and sorrow, bodily discomfort and physical pain, and it is therefore with satisfaction that we are conscious that the works of MEYERBEER are not the costly fruits of bitter experiences. His father, JACQUES BEER, was a wealthy Jewish banker, and early perceiving the genius of his son, who at the age of four years is said to have manifested remarkable musical intelligence, he at once took care to supply the advantages of education, and committed the child to the tuition of LAUSKA, a pianist, pupil of CLEMENTI—a good player and teacher. At the age of seven he delighted musicians famous in the art, and at nine he was pronounced by the critics of his country one of the best pianists in Germany. On the occasion of two benefit concerts at the theatre of Berlin, in the politically momentous years of 1803 and 1804, MEYERBEER was first heard of in public, and the success he subsequently achieved was unmistakable. The Abbé VOGLER, a celebrated rhetorician and musician, at that time organist of Darmstadt, hearing of MEYERBEER's remarkable promise, invited him to that city, where he was associated as a student with CARL MARIA VON WEBER. This circumstance appears to have wonderfully influenced the genius of MEYERBEER, and to the impressions produced upon so susceptible a mind by the solemn swell of the cathedral music we are doubtless indebted for the glorious inspirations which, scattered over his later works, adapt themselves with such marvellous felicity to the solemn and supernatural themes of which he treated. At Darmstadt, MEYERBEER, in 1809, produced an oratorio entitled *Jephtha's Vow*. At this period he seems to have thought slightly of Italian music; but visiting Italy at a time when ROSSINI's genius had begun to captivate the musical world, he seems to have abandoned a severe style, and manifested a decided inclination for attractive melody. During the years from 1818 to 1825, MEYERBEER produced several operas, a series which may be said to have been successfully brought to a close by the composition of *Il Crociato*, principally interesting to us from the fact, that at its first representation in England MALIBRAN was introduced to the operatic stage. We have mentioned these dates with special reference to a remarkable circumstance. Although this last work was received with acclamations throughout Europe, and seemed to be the means of sealing the reputation of MEYERBEER as a composer of real genius, he was far from satisfied with the standard of excellence he had attained. He did not follow up these successes by any hasty repetitions or ill-considered experiments, but, as it has been truly remarked of our own poet TENNYSON, he allowed his genius to ripen, and his mind was educated afresh for the higher flights of imagination. The tempting colours of that worthless fruit, ephemeral popularity, possessed no charm and offered no attraction to MEYERBEER's mind. From 1825 to 1831 his operatic pause was silent. In November

1832 *Robert le Diable* was first produced at the Grand Opera in Paris. So unlike his early writings, this grand composition appeared to be the work of another master. The hold it instantly took upon the stage, and the enthusiasm it continues to inspire, prove that during those years of silence MEYERBEER was far from idle. Between the production of *Robert le Diable* and that of the *Huguenots* nearly five years elapsed. The *Huguenots* was considered an advance on *Robert* in dramatic interest, if not in beauty and variety of melody, and the story, being more interesting, became more popular. The interval between the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète* was nearly three times that between the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable*. The *Prophète* was brought out in 1849. In 1814 the *Etoile du Nord* was first performed, and in 1859 *Pardon de Ploërmel* (Dinorah). These works are the best monument to the memory of this gifted composer, and are sufficient to counteract all the invurious comparisons which have been made between the genius of MEYERBEER and of some of his contemporaries. It may be true that he could not, like HANDEL, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN, or ROSSINI, pour forth at the spur of the moment wonderful melodies, whose "echoes shall enchant for ever;" yet for this reason his works are endowed with increasing interest and value. His was rather the calculating, calm, penetrative Tennysonian genius, than the quick-creative, brilliant Byronic passion, which dazzles by the wonderful inspiration of a moment; and such genius supplies a fund of wholesome encouragement to those young disciples of art who are too apt to be misled by the excitement of first composition. The patience and self-restraint of MEYERBEER is indeed worthy of emulation. The last great work, the *Africaine*, which MEYERBEER is said to have left as a legacy to the musical world, has been withheld for years, for no other reason than that he could not satisfy himself as to a fit representative for the part of the heroine—a remarkable proof of MEYERBEER's attention to details, and his appreciation of their value in the consolidation of success. He would have destroyed an opera rather than produce it before it had undergone the most searching consideration. There was no completing the last bars behind the scenes on the night of representation, as we were told last winter was the case with one of our prolific English opera-manufacturers. MEYERBEER first satisfied himself as to the permanent value of his own work, and then set himself to consider the accessories which would be necessary to make his triumph complete. The singers, the chorus and the band, the dancers, the scenery, the dresses, the *mise-en-scène*, all occupied his most serious thoughts. He superintended rehearsals, lent the aid of his counsels to the conductor and stage-manager, and would frequently strike out a new idea for painter or mechanist, whereby some scene or incident might be vastly benefited. This is the way that MEYERBEER built up for himself an enduring reputation; and, truly, his works viewed in this light, become beacons to the true disciple of art.



STREET MUSIC.

Possibly few only may have observed the brief discussion which took place in the House of Commons early in last month on the subject of street music, and fewer still may have noted a question put by Mr. MAGUIRE to Mr. BASS, the proposer of the Bill. The discussion, viewed generally, was simply a repetition of old arguments, but Mr. MAGUIRE's interrogatory is suggestive. He was anxious to know whether Mr. Bass's bill was framed in the interests of correct musical taste, or in the spirit of Mr. BABBAGE. Now, here we have a distinction which, in reference to the particular style of music under notice, might receive a great amount of ventilation, and a few queries might be put to the honourable gentleman who could not understand Mr. Bass's Bill which we conceive it would puzzle him to reply to. And since nothing is so singular or absurd that it may not afford instruction, we shall briefly consider the question upon the two hypotheses laid down by Mr. MAGUIRE.

It is admitted on all hands that street music is one of the pests of the metropolis. It stands to reason that it must be so, because the nature of man is such that his moods are changeable as the wind. The most merry-hearted among us are despondent at times. Probably no day passes upon which we have not our moment of sobriety or of sadness, and it requires not an excessive endowment of penetrative sagacity to enable us to say that man is most sensitive when sad, most susceptible to external influences when the responsibility of his existence weighs upon his spirits. Well, we admit this, of course; and we have to admit further, that we live in a city populated to its very holes and corners. Conceive, then, the condition of any great thoroughfare, lined by its comfortable residences, and suppose that upon a summer's evening we unroofed those residences and examined the sentiments of the dwellers. At No. 1 we might find a hypochondriac, in No. 2 a *roue*, in No. 3 a man verging upon dementia and the bankruptcy court, in No. 4 some unhappy being whose hours are in the hands of a lingering, but consuming disease, whilst in No. 5 singing, merriment, laughter, and flirtation make the time fly swiftly. Out upon the pavement stands the weather-beaten retailer of selected music wearily grinding his everlasting instrument, and continuing to grind with the determination of despair, which points to a supperless and houseless termination of a day of weariness. He plays the Old Hundredth with variations: the hypochondriac moans, the *roue* swears, the subject of dementia and prospective bankruptcy thinks of suicide, whilst the patient feels the irksomeness of sickness intensified by the monotony of the melody, and a damper is thrown upon the hilarity of No. 5. By a rude transition, the organ flies from the drawl of the sacred air to the quick step of the "Dark Girl dressed in Blue," and we will leave it to the reader to conceive the revulsion of feeling which takes place from No. 1 to No. 5 inclusive.

Having drawn a picture which cannot be untrue to nature, we have to apply to the case depicted one or the other of Mr. MAGUIRE's remedial measures. Shall we deal with the nuisance in "the interests of correct musical taste," or in "the spirit of Mr. BABBAGE"? We have carefully reflected upon this matter, and we confess that we have not been able to realize what Mr. MAGUIRE means, when he applies the expression "correct musical taste" to the migratory music of the London streets. We understand by correct musical taste something inbred in a man or capable of being acquired by patient study and cultivation. Not every man is endowed with taste; and, again, a man who had a correct taste in art might be devoid of a correct taste in music, and possibly he might occasionally delight in a conglomeration of musical sounds, though those sounds were utterly destitute of the arrangement which a correct musical taste would dictate. The world is becoming intensely musical. There is, we think we may fairly say, a glee society or a musical association to every half-dozen acres of ground in the metropolis, and perhaps Mr. MAGUIRE was justified in assuming that there is a standard of "musical taste" which might be recognized as applicable to the peculiar branch of the art patronized by small German boys and the scum of the beggary of the Continent. If

so, we should be obliged to him for a clearer definition. For our own part, we conceive that Mr. MAGUIRE has been tempted to commit an absurdity by the mere charm of the phraseology. "Correct musical taste" may have a variety of meanings. The taste which would be considered correct at Highbury Barn might be thought anything but satisfactory by the frequenters of St. James's Hall and the dwellers in Mayfair. Correct taste in music may be observed at a metropolitan "music" hall, but it is not the taste which would delight the elegant and the refined.

We come, then, to this—that the musical taste which might act as a standard for the regulation of the diversions of East London, could not be regarded as any standard at all when used in relation to the West. How, then, is Parliament to deal with this matter as a question of taste? for certainly no legislative measure upon this point could obtain even that limited amount of approval which is generally accorded to Parliamentary proceedings having a useful direction. It would appear, therefore, that Mr. MAGUIRE's question was entirely unnecessary; for even allowing that a standard could be hit upon which should measure the average condition of the musical taste of the people, how would it be possible to organize the instruments by which the desired object should be carried out? If Parliament attempted to legislate upon questions of taste, it is difficult to conjecture where its action would stop. Consequently, however delighted we should be to see the gang which now represents the concert-givers of the streets of London, weeded of all its objectionable element,—could it be anything less than extermination?—and tutored into even a remote knowledge of the properties of music, we cannot but regard the scheme as wholly impracticable.

This being the position of the matter, we are compelled to fall back upon the only alternative, and to ask Parliament to legislate—to use the expression of Mr. MAGUIRE—in the spirit of Mr. BABBAGE. It may be objected that this is not a pleasant alternative; and we admit it. Were the nuisance in any degree decreasing, we might venture to hope that the people of London are altering their notions, and becoming alive to the fact that the encouragement of this species of music is a libel upon what Mr. MAGUIRE would style their "correct musical taste." There is, however, no symptom of any decrease; on the contrary, the profession of retailing by no means the best order of music through the agency of noisy organs and worthless brass instruments appears to be a profession most firmly rooted in the favour of the people. The slight sketch which Mr. Bass gave of his projected measure does not enable us to entertain hopes of any great results, and we can but look to the Home Office for a set of regulations which will place this nuisance within reasonable limits, or afford to those who are the greatest sufferers, but who may not be endowed with any very correct musical taste, a means of instant relief, which is not obtainable by the present troublesome process of issuing a summons. If there be anything in Mr. MAGUIRE's notion of improving the musical taste of the people, surely such action on the part of the Home Office is the surest means of attaining this very desirable end.

SATIRIC ART—CARICATURE.

In a little volume of lectures published by Mr. JAMES HANNAY in 1854, a brief retrospect was taken of the satire of the long period extending from the days of HORACE and JUVENAL to this nineteenth century. The book is, of course, a readable one, but superficial—as the reader will perceive was inevitable, when we mention that in 276 widely-printed octavo pages the reviewer crowded criticisms upon HORACE, JUVENAL, ERASTUS, Sir DAVID LINDSAY, GEORGE BUCHANAN, BOILEAU, BUTLER, DRYDEN, SWIFT, POPE, CHURCHILL, BURNS, BYRON, and MOORE. We quote this instance as a sort of apology for attempting to take a review of contemporaneous satiric art, with rather more especial reference to caricature, in the contracted limits of an article of this nature, and, moreover, we have taken Mr. HANNAY's little work as in some sort a text-book.

Our author, in his preface, avows that his object

is to prove that great satirists have almost invariably been good and lovable men. He does more; he points to the grand distinction between sneering and satire. To sneer in a villainously bad temper is easy; to sneer with humour and with the heart of a gentleman is that to which few attain. It is our purpose here to examine the present disposition of satiric art, to observe its aim as compared with the satire of the past, and, if possible, to deduce a few leading principles for the guidance of the pupils in the thinly-populated school which has so recently lost its most eminent ornament.

Are men such fools as they were? Has not civilization and the "march of intellect" considerably contracted the scope which the satirist once had? Or is it that improved ideas of politeness have been cultivated—that art assists so perfectly the gluton and the drunkard who would have come under the lash of JUVENAL, the pimp and the wanton flirt who would have felt the stings of PORC's scourge? Or may it not be that we conceive ourselves to be above this sort of things? Let vice go on its way unrebuked, save from the pulpit: let politicians and the tomfooleries of social life occupy our pens and our pencils! So we all say. We are too sensitive to bear the shocks of rude design, though keenly honest in its boldness. We prefer to be intensely proper in everything which we put upon paper. What is the consequence? It must be confessed that the periodical satire, the weekly caricatures which London produces, fall flat and unprofitably upon the public ear and eye. We are not prepared seriously to complain of this. The state of society admits of no alternative.

Taking, then, our subject in two divisions, we find, on the one hand, the satire of literature, and, on the other, the satire of design. We have living, at the time at which we write, no remarkable satirical writer. TOM HOOD has left us, followed by DOUGLAS JERROLD, and, more recently, THACKERAY has departed. We are left utterly destitute. But despair is ridiculous under any circumstances, and we are far from believing that worthy successors will not soon spring up. The time, therefore, appears an advantageous one for inculcating a few principles. There are various forms which satirical writing may take—the three-volume novel, a play, the squib, the epigram, the pun. Every novel which is worthy of celebrity contains more or less satire, the masterpieces of our own day being, of course, the works of THACKERAY and DICKENS. A play is a delightful vehicle for satire; the *School for Scandal* may be selected as a brilliant instance. The squib has gone very much out of fashion of late years. There has not been a really good squib-writer since GEORGE CANNING. THACKERAY was a trifler too elaborate for this sort of work. PRAED, indeed, was excessively happy. What could be better than his verses on seeing the Speaker asleep in his chair, in one of the debates of the first reformed Parliament?

*Sleep, Mr. Speaker! 'tis surely fair,
If you mayn't in your bed, that you should in your chair.
Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, Ay and No;
Talking by night and talking by day—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!*

This verse shows the delicious ease with which PRAED knocked off his felicitous satire, but we quote one more to show the sharpness of his weapon, his keen appreciation of the absurd:

*Sleep, Mr. Speaker! Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen pence;
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!*

As for the pun, we have given it up for doomed long ago. There is not street boy who cannot contort his miserable little intellect into the obliquity necessary for the perpetration of this absurdity—the most ridiculous method of displaying the funniness of one's nature. Mr. HANNAY remarks in the volume already noticed, that wit was never intended as a firework to tickle fools. If we were to compare all forms of wit to fireworks, to what could we liken the modern pun? Possibly to the halfpenny catherine-wheel, whose powder, having been damped in a November night, has to undergo most assiduous manipulation at the hands of the gamin before it will consent even to sputter; and

when it attempts to explode, effervesces in a few sparks, but makes excessively dirty the hand which holds it. We have not particularly referred to the comic periodical literature of to-day, because in a literary point of view it is unworthy sober criticism. The journals which alone attempt squib-writing are the *Press* and the *Realm*; but although, as a rule, the versification is rather above the average, few points are made, and the writers appear to be happier when a political lull makes room for hexameters on boat-racing or lyrics on royalty.

We come now to the satire of design, and we should be countenancing a too common fault did we limit ourselves to the caricatures supplied to us by the professional gentlemen of 85 and 80 Fleet Street. Caricature and rich humour may be found among the great works which have, during the month just elapsed, delighted the crowding frequenters of the Royal Academy Exhibition. We might take as one example Mr. C. HUNT's banquet scene in SHAKESPEARE's *Macbeth*. This clever painting represents a lot of ungainly village boys endeavouring to personate the *dramatis persona* of the tragedy, and the caricature is admirable in its way. Again Mr. HORSELEY's "Bashful Swain," which is a species of "domestic" caricature, contains much genuine humour, and evinces much study. We might derive further evidence of what is really witty painting from this year's Exhibition at the Academy, although we should probably have to scatter a little censure here and there for a tendency to coarseness and vulgarity; but we want nothing more to confirm our opinion that the best caricaturists, in these times of finished art, should be, and might be, Royal Academician. The happy facility which strikes off a sketch on the spur of the moment is very rare indeed. It existed once: but it is scarcely worth while to be merely a popular caricaturist. A man who is this can probably be something more; and to becoming something more, to rising in his profession, to dignifying his aptitude of conception by skill and brilliancy of execution, he directs his earnest attention. Hence it is that Mr. TENNIEL is artistically so correct in his labours on behalf of Mr. PUNCH. But this daintiness of execution not infrequently makes the caricature to appear laboured; and where there is an absence of colour, labour is calculated to rob of its charm that which in an impromptu state—if we may be allowed the expression—would be so very charming.

We have been happy, whilst considering this very attractive subject, to discover that we have departed from our original intention. Whilst lamenting a decadence of genuine, powerful satire, and the growth of caricature into an art which becomes dignified in its perfect execution, and thereby, as we have said, loses much of its original brilliancy, we have not had occasion to refer to accomplished sneerers, as opposed to large-hearted humorists. Sneerers of malicious temperament are few, whether they use pen or pencil. The *Saturday Review* is the unenvied leader of this small gang of unhappy mortals. Everything which is not classic, and which is not mature in its refinement, is objectionable to this delicately-constituted journal. Imagining itself sublime in its power, it cannot descend to any school lower than that of TRYPHERUS. It must have for literary dissection—

*Sumine cum magno lepus, atque aper, atque pygargus,
Et Scythiae volucres, et phoenicopterus ingens,
Et Gestulus oryx—*

is unhappy and bilious, and vents its elaborate sneers upon the plebeian, upon the uneducated, and upon those whose misfortune it is to be poor. The *Saturday Review* has no fellow among caricaturists. LEECH, DOYLE, TENNIEL, all partake of the geniality of the lamented THACKERAY. They are charitable in their satire; they cannot purk their noses into the sneer which is characteristic of your *Reviewers*. Politeness keeps us from lashing in public places the vices, the vast immoralities of our time, as JUVENAL did the horrible debauchery of ancient Rome: we restrain our eyes from examining too closely the boudoirs of Mayfair; and possibly the day is not very far off when the vocation of the *Saturday Reviewers* will be gone—when sneering vituperation will not be mistaken for humour, and when criticism will not go beyond the occasionally brilliant, but never spiteful, caricatures which issue from the school of art over which Mr. LEITCH so worthily presides.

Contributed Essays.

THE PICTURESQUE.

THERE are few words in common use of which the conventional acceptation and etymology more strictly coincide than those of the term "picturesque," not less in its allegorical than its literal sense. One usual criterion of the picturesque element in any given subject, is the degree in which it is suited to and would look well in a picture; and if we apply that test to the familiar appliances and manifestations of the artificial life which surrounds us, we shall be disappointed to find how very small a proportion of it is really picturesque, either morally or physically. To consider the allegorical aspects of the question, would involve a discussion disproportionate to the necessary limits of an essay such as this, and would, in any case, be suited rather to an ethical than an aesthetic miscellany; and it will therefore be sufficient to observe that much of what would otherwise be picturesque in the moral world is marred and disfigured by the necessity—even as a matter of self-preservation—of cultivating principles rather than feelings and impulses; of being prosaic rather than romantic, selfish rather than generous, chilly and repulsive rather than genial and demonstrative. Confining our view, accordingly, to the other side of the question, we may find it interesting to consider the causes which tend to obliterate the beauty and the symmetry—the picturesque—to which our higher instincts are constantly inclining us, from the visible and tangible objects around us, over which the caprices of human will have any power. It is so familiar a fact, that it has long ceased to provoke wonder or inquiry, that the artistic works of the ancients, or at least of one or two special nations of antiquity, exhibit a perfection and excellence which succeeding ages have, at the best, only been able to imitate; but the cause, or at least the chief among the causes of this pre-eminence, is that they surrounded themselves in their every-day life with all those influences most calculated to educate the eye and the hand to the creation of artistic beauty, and that they had among them nothing of the ascetic and iconoclastic spirit that recognizes moral excellence only in association with deformity and disfigurement. In more modern times, unfortunately, the opposite principle has been accepted to such a degree that artists have been compelled to place altogether out of view the cotemporary *entourage* of social life; and, except when presenting literal copies of purely natural objects, either to commit the anachronism of going back to the phenomena of other times, or to draw upon the resources of their imagination. It has, for instance, not been till a comparatively recent date—within the past century—and then in defiance of strong prejudice and determined opposition, that modern and cotemporary costume was gradually introduced into sculpture and painting in which historic truth was indispensable; the personages of modern history having been, until then, generally represented in Roman togas, Macedonian helmets, and other civic and military habits of the ancients. The cause of the long continuance and the reluctant abandonment of that practice were partly a conventional reverence for classical models and usage, and, probably to a far greater extent, the difficulty of introducing anything so unmanageable as modern costume with artistic effect: and the consideration of this difficulty naturally brings us back to the question of the cultivation of the picturesque in our time.

Although of late years some improvements in the way of decorative taste have been establishing themselves among us—especially in some of the more useful manufactures, such as upholstery, porcelain, cutlery, glass, carpets, and paper-hangings, and we are, to some small extent, becoming less irrational in costume than we were; still it must be confessed that our tendencies—as a nation—in the direction of the picturesque, are as yet feeble and slow; and that among the ordinary surroundings of our social and domestic life there is at present but very little that would look well in a picture. Let us apply that test, for example, to the conventional costume of the class who are generally considered well-dressed persons. Let us take, of the male costume, any of the modifications of the unimprovable and intrinsically ugly modern hat; or, what is sometimes called a coat, consisting of a straight narrow rectangular piece of cloth buttoned at the upper end, so tightly round the neck as to suggest to a foreigner who may never have seen it before, the idea of the majority of the male population being condemned, by some comprehensive ukase, to the lingering tortures of slow strangulation; or, again, from the fashionable envelope of the other, which ought naturally to be the more picturesque, sex, the balloon

skirt, which conceals the symmetry of the human figure under the outline of an equilateral triangle; or, the unicorn bonnet, with its parterre of ill-assorted flowers set on the front of the horn. Let us take any of these favorites of the present generation, and see how it would harmonize with the lines and tints of a painted landscape! Artists have found, as they might have expected to find, that any such objects are little better than blots on the canvas, and that, in order to give human figures a place in such compositions, they must adopt arbitrary combinations of form and colour, or borrow the more picturesque, because more natural, costumes of other times and other countries.

The reason why all those objects are so utterly unsuited to the purposes of high art, is, obviously, the enormity of their intrinsic ugliness, which is the reason, also, why, when they cease to be fashionable, when the brief season of their popularity is past, and they lose the familiarity which has gradually reconciled the eye to their deformity, they constitute such outrageous and pitiable caricatures. A man or woman, dressed in the extreme of any exploded and obsolete fashion is, probably, one of the most ridiculous and humiliating exhibitions that can be witnessed; while, on the other hand, those costumes which are really picturesque and intrinsically ornamental—such as that of the ancient Greeks; that of the Scottish highlanders, which is the ancient Gallic or Celtic dress; that of the Spanish, Swiss, and Italian peasantry; the old English vandyke costume; and a few others, including most of the varieties of Oriental dress—all these, for artistic uses, continue to survive every short-lived caprice of fashion, and, as they always look well in a picture, form the universal refuge of the artist when he wants to insert a human figure, and, at the same time, to avoid the suspicion of designing a tailor's or modiste's pictorial advertisement. On the same principle, too, when the necessities of his composition send him in search of a vase, or a couch, or a corbel; he must resort to the repertoires of India, or Egypt, or Athens, or Pompeii, if he would not fall into the style of an upholsterer's illustrated catalogue. Slowly as we are approaching a practical recognition of the fact, that the useful and the ornamental are not only not incompatible, but to a considerable extent, inseparable; we are still making *some* progress, and that movement must of course acquire speed from its own impetus. Our costume, though as yet sufficiently absurd, is not quite so hideous or inconvenient as it was "when George the Third was King;" and we are gradually adopting—though not always, unfortunately, with due reference to the complexions of the wearers—some of those bright and warm colours which the monotonous darkness of our climate seems especially to require for artistic contrast; our household furniture, even in the dwellings of the most serious families, does not exhibit *so* many instruments of torture as it used, some few years past; and our carpets and wall-papers, becoming less angular in design and less neutral in tint, are reverting, more and more every day, to the original type of the old graceful Arabesque patterns. For these improvements, partial as they are as yet, and for some other valuably suggestive ideas not yet developed into practice, as well as for some addition to our personal freedom in matters of taste, we are mainly indebted to our International Exhibitions, which not only brought under our personal notice the usages and productions of other nations of our own time, but made us more intimately acquainted than we could otherwise ever have been with the results of the taste and industry of the ancients. From them we learned that in matters of taste, and even of practical utility, we were actually not the very first nation in the world; that, as we had been all along borrowing our vestimentary fashions from a foreign capital, there were other lessons which we might profitably learn from other nations, in the conveniences and aesthetics of life and the growing requirements of civilization, improving our taste and even our personal appearance by comparisons and imitation, and teaching us that, even with reference to our peculiar climate, our ordinary garments might be made more healthy and convenient, and that there was no barbarism or sin in recognizing the wisdom of Providence by embracing a blessed emancipation from the daily vexations of razor and strop, and letting our beards grow.

There are still in existence, however, some serious impediments in the way of our improvement in this direction of the picturesque; and these have been, at the same time, the congenial causes of that propensity to universal disfigurement which nowhere found a more congenial soil than in this country. In the first place, it used to be, and is still to a very prevalent extent, the belief of the religious portion of the community, that any indulgence in the way of decoration—and especially of personal

embellishment—is among the number of those "pomps and vanities" which they have pledged themselves to renounce, and which, therefore, they feel themselves bound to suppress and anathematize wherever they see it; forgetting—strangely enough—that all our conceptions of beauty in form or colour are suggested by no other than the visible works of our Creator, and that, if the decorative element in human life were an object of His displeasure, the physical world around us would not be the panorama of beauty that it is, and that, instead of the blue of the sky, of the diamond-spangled purple of midnight, of the saffron and crimson and purple and gold of sunrise and sunset, of the innumerable beauties of mountain and ocean, of trees and flowers, all external nature would wear only a *pianore* garment of grey and drab. In this theory many, who see and feel its utter absurdity, are obliged by prudential motives to acquiesce; disfiguring themselves and their homes and all around them, cautiously shunning anything either in dress or furniture that might afford pleasure to an aesthetic eye, lest they should provoke censure where it is more profitable to conciliate; and thus indefinitely perpetuating the reign of ugliness in places where, but for such adventitious aid, it would long ago have disappeared. In the second place, there prevails even still, but among a totally different class of the community, an ignorant and superstitious jealousy of anything new, anything unintelligible, anything peculiar or unique or isolated—a feeling which manifests itself not only in ribald ridicule, but frequently in the brutalities of actual violence. The Red Indians of America were ready to torture and put to death the first white men they beheld, for no other imaginable cause than that they were, in many respects, so very different from themselves, and that they had never before seen any beings like them: not long since, some Englishmen of the uneducated class wantonly broke in pieces a valuable fossil skeleton which they found in a quarry, and which they might have sold very advantageously, simply and solely because it resembled nothing that they had ever previously seen; and on precisely the same principle, and under the prompting of the same barbarous superstition, any novelty in costume, no matter how ornamental—any departure from the universal usage, no matter how rational, unless protected by an association with some influential name, or manufactured in tens of thousands by some enterprising and ubiquitous tradesman, is certain to draw down upon its inventor at least the oral abuse, and most probably the manual violence, of a multitude who know no other provocation of their resentment than the fact that he has presumed to do something different from the rest of the community. It is true, indeed, that these obstacles are gradually disappearing before more liberal ideas and the enlargement of view opened by present facilities of international intercourse. In our large cities, at least, we may soon be able to congratulate ourselves on the liberty to be as picturesque as we please with impunity; and, every encroachment thus effected upon the consecrated limits of ignorance and fanaticism, will be so much space won from barbarism, and, through the humanizing influences of art, added to the area of civilization.

A TEA-PARTY WITH A LITTLE MUSIC.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again—it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

Twelfth Night.

How absolutely fearful are tea-parties of gossip and scandal! The extent to which one's character and reputation suffers, if absent, and the amount of false doctrines and theories that are promulgated in the search for pabulum for a three hours' tattle (to call it conversation would be to elevate it to a dignity of which it is utterly unworthy), are facts that would shock the profoundest believer in the good-nature of man. We could actually fancy his hair standing on end, his face growing pallid with fear and astonishment as he listens to the frequent, ay, constant, disregard of the ninth commandment, and as he tastes of the milk of human kindness in its soured condition. How welcome, then, is anything that alters this; and when we find music introduced, during which imperious etiquette authoritatively demands silence, how beneficial are the results! We most emphatically say that a more delightful ingredient there could not be mingled into these social gatherings, nor could they have an element which would serve to render them more truly the *rivalries* they profess to be.

Nearly every other attempt to diversify the weariness of continued "gab," to use a vulgar, but somehow a significant expression, has ever proved unsuccessful. Over cards old men, and oftener old women, wax wroth. The conjuror, when such is introduced, fails in his tricks; some sharp boy outwits him, or, being a foreigner, he is not perhaps a proficient in English; then getting confused, he cannot be understood, and thereupon becomes irate.

If, in search of a novelty, a scientific experiment is ventured upon, ten to one it is a similar failure. Want of space—somebody interferes with the chemicals—an explosion—the ladies' dresses, carpets, and everything are spoilt; but happy in thought, in invention, was the *Orpheus* who learnt to charm these social meetings into peace and enjoyment by the soft melodious strains that vibrated through the air from the strings of his instrument.

In these friendly gatherings, or we might say neighbourly in that word's truest and deepest sense, we may suppose that the harmony of friendship is not a little augmented by that of the musician's art. In them, too, there is much to amuse, at least to the observer of the lesser foibles of poor human nature. She who is to be the chief *cantatrice* of the evening, the *prima donna* of the drawing-room, and who evidently takes delight and even exults in the position, has practised the songs for the evening, and secretly determined that her instrument shall "discourse most excellent music;" she has fixed exactly where she will make points, and who she will look at during particular parts of her songs; she has also settled when she will wait for applause, and furtively look round the room with one of her most bewitching glances. These, and many other similar minutiae, she has arranged, yet when the time comes, and she is asked for one of her pretty songs, she has got a cold, cannot sing a note, and then she coughs gently in support of her assertion. She is persuaded at last out of this, but then she has not brought her music, and cannot play without it. O woman, woman, fair, and even fairer with all thy little arts and artifices! The world has at last taught you even in the trifles, the bagatelles of life, not unsought to be won. After all the most energetic, numerous, and influential entreaties have been made, it is discovered that she can manage one song without her music; *Hush-sh-sh-sh-sh!* is heard through the room, a preliminary cough, a few chords, and the nightingale begins. Other songs easily follow. She warbles merrily through the evening, and smiles and blushes as her labours are rewarded by the applause from the kidded palms of her friends, varied with few feminine adjectives, charming, delightful, exquisite, and a bass accompaniment from the sterner portion of her audience. Of the latter, however, nothing but the general import can be gathered, probably it never being intended that they should be heard; epithets, or whatever words they may be, they are lost in a sound that more resembles the grunt of a pig, than the criticism or applause of supposed rational beings.

But we have prematurely hastened to the conclusion of our fair dame's performance; we have omitted to study the various difficulties pretended or otherwise, that are ever found by the songstress and pianist. If her music has by any chance been brought, of course secretly by mamma, and is below stairs with the shawls, &c., the redoubtable "Jeames," whom Thackeray has made famous, is desired to bring it up. The piece that is to be performed cannot be found, in the searching for which she has of course impressed the aid of all the youth of the genus white-waistcoat. The pedal then is not to be got at—an invariable difficulty in a house where there are children, those delightful pests of society, one of whose favorite amusements seems to be the turning of the pedal of the piano the wrong way. After this process she takes off her gloves, and puts them with her lace-bordered pocket-handkerchief behind the candlestick in the most careful manner, taking every precaution that the corner embroidered with her name may be visible. After this there is a rumble of bass, a few chords, and then is heard—

"The melting voice through the mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

During the interpretation of her song at least some would suppose that her attendant swains had an interim of rest from their labours, but it is not so; she has them still on duty, watching her progress through her performance, and turning over the pages of the music for her.

There are duties, too, that occasionally devolve on the pianist, the "queen of song" herself. There is a middle-aged gentleman, most certainly a great bore, who enjoys, as he himself thinks, the possession of a grand, rich *basso profundo*, but who, unfor-

tunately, cannot play a note. The destined accompanier shrinks into a corner, and gets deeply into conversation with an individual, who not knowing the cause of his luck, of course is immensely flattered, and is only too willing to attribute it to his personal attractions. Engrossed as she is in some topic, it is of no avail: the sonorous gentleman is to be kept in a good humour, and, to quiet his admiring wife, he must at least sing his favorite bass song arioso his love for a "Life on the ocean wave." He does sing that melody, although there are present some persons who had the felicity (can he call it?) of crossing to France in his company, and whose reminiscences of his sanitary condition on the occasion are not such as would establish him in their opinion as the old inured seaman that his song would lead one to suppose.

We shall not stop to criticise the vocalization of the worthy son of Neptune. We have to listen to an Italian song from our female friend, which now delights, or is supposed to delight, the ears of the company. Even if it does not, politeness compels people to affect that delectation. But it is to be doubted whether it be well that at these evening parties young ladies should put themselves in the way of comparison with, if not the highest, at least the highest paid professional artistes, by singing Italian songs. There is in it something of sham, something of humbug. We may assert without unjustly disparaging their accomplishments, in these days, in which so brief a period is devoted to education, when our daughters so soon forsake their short frocks, and are sent so early into the world with their studies completed, that a great number of them do not understand the Italian language; or if they do at all, it is but through the medium of their libretto or the opera-book they get at the theatre doors. Such displays are but with the aid of borrowed plumes, while, on the other side, a pretty, simple English ballad would come from those cherry warbling lips with twice the ease, and assuredly with much more grace, finding its way home into the hearts of an English audience in a manner which could not be expected from foreign words.

There are some who pretend to be profound critics, so profound, that they cannot enjoy any music in the chamber; they profess only to admire the melody that responds to the baton in the white-gloved hand of the maestro; but there are others too, as it has been well contrasted, who can listen to and enjoy the homely, merry chirp of the red-breasted robin. There was at an evening party, on one occasion, a well-known Irish gentleman of rather revolutionary tendencies, though he was not generally known as such at the time to which we allude. It was just such a party as we have been speaking of. He declared that he had not much taste for music, and the songs little amused him; upon which a friend with whom he was in conversation quoted Shakespeare's lines:—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;"

at which this gentleman appeared somewhat annoyed, and remained rather silent, nearly amounting to sullen silence, for the rest of the evening. The party was over: some days, or perhaps a few weeks had passed, when that gentleman was arrested for treason—and that gentleman was Robert Emmett.

This story, we believe, is told for the first time, and is remarkable not only for the strange coincidence, but it also affords a striking proof and illustration of the assertion in these lines. We would make one exception to this: we would not wish to imply that every snob who is so void of taste and appreciation as to tell you that music is a bore, is engaged in treason; and without in the smallest degree favouring or countenancing the guilt of high treason, *crimen laesae maiestatis*, we assert that its perpetrators have at least one virtue—they are not snobs.

It has been told of Swift, that once, on having enclosed to him the bill of fare along with an invitation to a dinner-party, he inquired in his wittiest and most sarcastic manner for the *bill of the company*. We might suggest that along with these two the programme of the songs would also form not a slight additional inducement, especially when in that list appeared the names of the charming sylphs of our acquaintance. The vocation of these allurers, ever since the days of old Ulysses and Orpheus, seems to have been, in the words of a translator of Ovid, "trepanning seamen with their tuneful voice," including even those mariners whom Longfellow has described as "sailing o'er life's solemn main." While they sing to us after dinner as we loll in our chairs, we nearly approach to Oriental luxuriance, listening to their modulations like Jessica's swain, 'Lorenzo,' in the *Merchant of Venice*, letting "the sound of music creep in our ears." Although the

present scene may not be so romantic as where the moonlight sleeps upon the bank, yet we are assured that there are many who will not dispute the pleasure in the sociality of a tea-party with the pleasing accompaniment of a little music.

THE MONTH.

If June is less poetical than some of its predecessors, and is divested of many of the charms which are associated with the earlier portion of the year, it possesses the merit of being much more practical. It is now that we begin to enjoy "the kindly fruits of the earth," and there is not only a rich profusion for the eye, but a lavish abundance of those things which belong to the category of "creature comforts."

We have pointed out in former articles how irresistibly each month symbolizes itself on the mind; and if May might be compared to a blushing bride whose path to the altar is strewed with flowers, June is something like a "joyful mother of children." Her name, indeed, is derived from Juno, who was called by the ancients *Virginalis* (the goddess "of virgins") and *Matrona* ("of mothers"); and thus we find her closely associated with maternity and marriage. With the Romans she was believed to be the guardian of public prosperity, watching over her people like a thrifty mother and housewife.

It is in consequence of these maternal characteristics that she has even down to our own day preserved a kind of influence over matrimonial matters; for June is still superstitiously regarded by some as propitious for fruitful marriages.

The year decreases in sentiment as it unfolds its monthly pages, and in this respect it resembles very closely the experience of mankind. The further we depart from youth, the more real we become, and the less inclined to investigate metaphysical or invisible things. In our early days we are satisfied with promises and hopes—we revel in imagination, and take airy flights in the realms of fancy. As we grow older, however, this unreality loses its attraction, and it is the tangible we then crave after, the visible we need. June in every sense answers these requirements. The seeds we deposited in the ground have sprung up, and are bearing fruit a hundred fold; there is a ripening influence throughout all nature, and the plenty which is so essential to every-day life begins to show itself in the fruit-laden trees and the corn-cropped fields.

Yet June must not be regarded exclusively in a utilitarian sense. There is beauty abroad still, and of that kind, too, which may be termed "a joy for ever." Rightly did Coleridge call it the "leafy month," for flower and foliage now are in their prime. It is also *par excellence* the month of roses, and this in itself is quite sufficient to distinguish it. The Rose reigns supreme in the hearts of all; it is by common consent the Queen of Flowers, and has been called "the ornament of the earth—the blush of beauty—and the breath of love." When Eve first walked in Eden, it must have been the rose which she singled out for admiration before all others flowers. Milton pictures her half hidden in a cloud of fragrance,

"So thick the blushing roses round about her blow."

This incomparable flower lives in an atmosphere of poetry. Like the nightingale amongst birds, it occupies a cherished niche in the temple of Song, and more similes have been employed in its praise than can be said of any other flower in the garden of earth.

How sweetly does Keats in his beautiful "Eve of St. Agnes" picture Madeleine "trembling in her soft and chilly nest,"

"Blissfully hav'n'd both from joy and pain,
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut and be a bud again."

Tennyson, in "Maud," makes the rose, like other flowers, engage in a kind of conversation:—

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries—'She is near, she is near'
And the white rose weeps—'She is late'
The larkspur listens—'I hear, I hear'
And the lily whispers—'I wait!'

It would be easy to string together whole pages of similes which, from Chaucer down to the poets of our own day, have been used regarding the rose; and the legends and historical associations connected with it are equally numerous. Herrick makes the roses hold a parliament in Julia's breast where they were voted the sweetest of flowers, and, next to lovely women, the most beautiful of all God's works. He, moreover, endeavours to prove that roses were always white until they tried to rival the fair complexion of Sappho, and, blushing for shame because they were vanquished, have ever since remained red. The varieties of the rose are almost as numerous as the poetic thoughts they have called into being. More than a hundred distinct species are known, and about two thousand sorts are said to be cultivated by the British gardener. Nor is the beauty of this flower entirely the result of artificial tending, for its very parent, the wild rose of the hedges, is scarcely less attractive; and although its perfume may not be so luscious as that of its courtly relative, it possesses a peculiar delicateness and simple sweetness all its own.

The wild rose is to be found in almost every country in the northern hemisphere of the globe, from Scandinavia to the northern portion of Africa; from Kamtschatka to Bengal; from the higher extremity of Canada to the lofty mountains of Mexico. It is strange however that neither South America nor Australia can boast the rose-bush. The latter country no doubt will in time acclimate this, as it is doing other plants of dear old England. How glorious must be the rose-fields of the East, where the flower is cultivated to the extent of acres! With what delicious fragrance must the very winds be laden! The East appears always to have been a favourite clime for the rose. Egypt and Syria are famed spots for its cultivation, and the latter country is said to have derived its name from *Suristan* which means the land of roses. Nor is this the only part of the world that claims the honour. *Rhodos*, the Greek word for this flower, is the source from which the Isle of Rhodes obtained its name, on account of the roses which grow to such perfection there. Pagan writers said of this island that Jupiter poured on it a golden shower, so odorous is its atmosphere and so fragrant its flowers.

We might be tempted to confine our attention to the lovely rose alone, but there are other characteristics of the month which call for notice. We must not forget the haymaking field and all its pleasing features. Perhaps this is one of the most interesting of all country employments. The very men and women engaged in the task—despite its laboriousness—seem full of fun. With what perfect enthusiasm and joy do the young enter into the going-on passing pleasant hours which they will ever look back upon with delight. But to those who are disposed to moralize, even the glad haymaking scene affords an opportunity for reflection. It has a touch of sadness in it. Who can observe the operations of the mower, cutting down as he does the flowers and grasses which only a moment before were in the pride and beauty of life, without being reminded of that other Reaper whose name is Death—who, "with his sickle keen,"

"Reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between."

A melancholy reflection of another kind comes over us as we witness the destructive task of the mower. Spring-time is severed from us when the grass is cut, and a line seems to be drawn indicating the climax and turning-point of summer beauty. Afterwards, although the transition is a long one, we start on our journey for the winter, and the gathering-in of hay is the foreshadowing of the other harvest which will lead us to shorter days and cool September nights. The month of June is not particularly celebrated for feasts; yet there is one, namely St. John's Day, which in former times was considered of no little importance. The observances connected with the nativity of St. John commenced on the previous evening, called the eve of the festival or Midsummer Eve. A bonfire was lighted, and young men and maidens with nosegays in their hands, and having their brows decked with a plant called St. John's-wort and other flowers, danced round the blazing fire with a kind of frantic joy, throwing the flowers into it, while praying to the saint for all manner of blessings. Nor did their enthusiasm stop here, for, in compliance with an old custom, some of them actually jumped through the fire, imagining that the operation was attended with some particular benefit.

Superstitions associations with St. John's Day still linger in many parts of France and Germany, where it is usual to gather a species of St. John's-wort and hang it over doors, with the notion that it would act as a spell against the entry of malignant spirits. One of the most curious customs connected with St. John's Eve, was that of watching in church porches and other places, under the impression that the souls of men leave their bodies, and wander to the place, by land or sea, where death shall finally separate them from the tenement of clay. And it was the universal belief, that if any one sat up, he would see the spirits of those who were to die in the parish during the ensuing twelve months. We laugh at these follies of our ancestors; but while we do so, let us not forget that we ourselves are not entirely innocent of superstitious practices. The weakness, indeed, seems inherent in human nature, and not even a high state of civilization is capable of eradicating it. There are individuals in our day, just as there were centuries ago, willing to believe any and everything, and there are those, as there were then, who see the folly of being too credulous.

Amongst the latter must have been he who in the 17th century published a book for the instruction of a young nobleman, wherein the author warns his pupil against certain "fearful superstitions, as to watch upon St. John's Eve, and the first Tuesday in the month of March—to conjure the moon—to lie upon your back—having your ears stopped with laurel-leaves—and to fall asleep not thinking of God, and such like follies; all forged by the infernal Cyclops and Pluto's servants."

To go from superstition to lilies and roses, is a sudden but very agreeable change; and the bouquet of June is so completely full of many-coloured flowers that it would be unpardonable to pass them entirely over.

There is, first of all, the fuchsia, which sixty years ago was a perfect stranger to our land, but which may now be found in every cottage in the country, and even in the dim atmosphere of London. The fuchsia was named after Leonard Fuchs a celebrated botanist of Germany, who wrote many valuable works in the 16th century. Then, again, the lily, so honoured in Scripture and the subject of so many beautiful comparisons. It is frequently spoken of in the Song of Solomon: "He shall grow as the

lily—he shall be as the dew upon the lily," were figures employed by the inspired writers to convey ideas of purity and innocence.

What the "lilies of the field" were, as mentioned in Scripture, has not been precisely ascertained, and considerable discussion has arisen as to whether the flower which we know by that name is the same that formerly blew in Palestine and Galilee. None of the natives of Syria can give any account of its growing wild there, but it is cultivated, and looked upon as foreign rather than indigenous.

The passion-flower now throws out its twining branches, and spreads over garden arbours or the fronts of houses. It is one of those curious picture-plants which act as tableaux vivants in the floral world, and grows wild in America. When the Spaniards first saw it, they regarded it as a sign that the Indians would be converted to Christianity, inasmuch as its several parts indicated the accompaniments of the crucifixion. The anthers were supposed to resemble the wounds on the body of the Saviour; other parts of the flower represented the pillar to which he was bound, and the nails by which he was fixed to the cross. An old-fashioned—for it was known in this country as early as 1597—but sweetly elegant flower, which helps in June to fill the air with fragrance, is the common white jasmine; and although it has no particular associations beyond its own inherent worth, it is admired almost as much as any flower. Then there are the petunias, the larkspurs, the verbenas, the carnations, the geraniums, and a host of other delightful candidates for our pen; but we must pause, or we shall be tempted to travel beyond our province, and much further than the printer is willing to allow us. Nature is lavish now with all that pleases the eye, and satisfies the taste. We may indeed send up hymns of gratitude to the great Giver of all this good, and recognize his almighty hand in the thousand beauties which surround us.

Musical Notes and Notices.

DEATH OF MEYERBEER.

[FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.]

On the night of the first of May, when another Spring was opening on the earth, when nature was putting on her festive attire, and the world was revelling in her gaiety, the sad news struck upon the ear in Paris that the author of the *Huguenots*, of the *Prophète*, and of *Robert le Diable*, was no more, and the melancholy intelligence produced a shock in the heart of every lover of beauty and harmony throughout Europe, the shock being the more severe from its utter unexpectedness. Meyerbeer was small in person, and his constitution was known by his intimate friends to be frail, but the indomitable energy of his mind, and his dislike to being made the subject of public discussion, caused the world at large to be ignorant of the fact that the chords of that harmonious soul were stretched to their utmost limit, and were so soon to snap.

When Meyerbeer arrived in Paris in October last, his friends found him much changed; his excessive thinness struck every one. But nothing seemed to affect his powers; his mind was as full of vigour, apparently, and his energy and enthusiasm as great, as when revelling in the summer season of his existence. He talked of his projects for the future like a man in his thirtieth year, and without taking any account of his indispositions and sufferings. He talked almost gaily of what he had endured during the winter before last, when he passed many months confined to his bed or his chamber. "I have an excellent doctor at Berlin," he said, "who understands my constitution and my weaknesses, and manages them marvellously; but, nevertheless, the instrument is not good, and while he arranges one cord another gets out of tune and snaps." The mind did not take sufficient care of the material machine; his friends begged him to take care of his health, and to adopt a regular regime. He promised to do so, with his habitual docility to those whom he loved, and he doubtless intended to keep his word; but his spirit, his genius, ran away with him. He avoided dissipating society; he refused almost all invitations; he went little with society; he dined, rarely, with two or three friends at a time; but he could not submit to give up the worship of his goddess, and whenever she called, Meyerbeer responded. When Rossini's mass was performed at the house of Comte Pillet-Will, Meyerbeer was present full of youthful fire and enthusiasm, and the great Italian had no more sympathetic auditor than his German rival. When his art appealed to him directly, he had no ears for Hygeia: when the question lay between health and the *Africaine*, the former had no chance of attention. He would sit for hours shrouded in the shadow of his box at the Opera, in order not to distract the attention of a singer, watching every note and every expression with a view to the future creation of his

work. When rehearsals took place at an early hour, nature was treated with superb disdain : he would take his *déjeuner* at the *café* nearest at hand without a thought about his delicate health and failing powers ; and when a singer came to him for instruction and practice, he would persist in his labour till thoroughly exhausted.

On the 23rd of April Meyerbeer was seized with slight illness ; he had with him in Paris only one servant, a faithful friend who attended him with all the gentleness of a woman. Doctor Otterbourg was summoned, but saw nothing alarming in an attack to which his patient was liable. Meyerbeer had begged that his illness should not be bruited abroad : he feared visitors, he feared the journals, he instructed his servant not to write to Berlin and terrify his wife and daughters ; in fact, neither he nor his friends believed that there was anything dangerous in the attack. Within a few days, however, Dr. Otterbourg saw that there was danger, and requested assistance, when Dr. Rayer was called in : but the patient was in other hands ; all the skill and all the devotion in the world was unavailing. In a week after the first symptoms there was no hope left : a despatch had been sent to Berlin, and the two daughters of Meyerbeer arrived in time to receive his last breath. His last words were :—“I am deeply sensible of the care and affection that you have bestowed upon me.” Then turning away his head, he sank gently into the sleep which knows no waking.

He left sealed instructions that his remains should be interred in the family vault at Berlin, and the Jewish religion permits no pompous rights or even funeral service in the Temple ; but the ashes of Meyerbeer left France with honours that are rarely paid to any but those who have filled the highest places. The illness of the artist was not known to the public, and consequently the shock was all the more severe.

The body was embalmed, and lay in state for four days at the lodgings of the deceased, No. 2 Rue Montaigne, in the Champs Elysées. On Friday the 6th of May it was conveyed along the Great Northern Railway on its way to Berlin.

An immense crowd was collected in the neighbourhood long before the hour appointed for the melancholy procession ; the central drive of the Champs Elysées was lined with private carriages which reached in double rank from the Tuilleries to the Ronde Point. The funeral cortège consisted of a detachment of the National Guard with its band, the bands of the Gendarmes and of the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard ; the car was drawn by six horses, richly caparisoned ; the pall was held by the Prussian ambassador, and Comte Bacciochi, the superintendent of theatres, who were relieved by the secretary of the Prussian embassy and M. Camille Doucet ; by Messieurs Gisors and Beulé, representing the Institute of France ; by Messieurs Saint-Georges and the Baron Taylor, as presidents of the Society of Authors and Composers and of that of the Artists ; and by Messieurs Anber and Emile Perrin, director of the opera, representing the two great musical institutions of France. Immediately after the funeral car walked the members of the deceased's family ; and then an immense and compact mass of followers, including the representatives of the court and government, of literature, music, and the drama. Amongst these were Marshals Vaillant and Magnan ; Berlioz and A. Florens, and nearly the whole of the members of the companies of the Opéra, the Opéra-Comique, the Lyrique, the members and pupils of the Conservatoire, the German Choral Society Teutonia, and many other musical and literary associations. The cortège went by the Champs Elysées and the Boulevards direct to the station of the Northern Railway. Baron James Rothschild, the co-religionist of the deceased, is the chairman of the Northern Company, and he did all in his power that full honour should be done to his illustrious friend. The station has just been greatly enlarged, or rather rebuilt, and the old building, so well known to those accustomed to cross the Channel and visit Paris by the way of Calais and Boulogne, was devoted to the farewell ceremony. The whole of the hall which formerly contained the passengers' waiting-rooms was hung with black, and decorated with escutcheons, containing the cipher of the deceased, and with labels containing the titles of his works. At the end of the hall was an organ, and in front of it a platform for the orchestra and the chorus of the opera, the instrumental music being directed by M. Dietrich, and the vocal portion by M. Vautrot. In the centre was a magnificent catafalque, surrounded by seven immense silver pedestals supporting funeral fires, upon which the coffin was placed ; and at a short distance outside of the hall stood, at the head of the line, a carriage draped with black, which was to convey the corpse to the frontiers of France. Between the cata-

falque and the funeral car was a tribune erected for the orators. Lastly, the bands and chorus of the Opéra-Comique, of the Théâtre Lyrique, the Teutonia Choral Society, the bands of the National Guard, of the Voltigeurs of the Imperial Guard, of the Gendarmerie, and of the Garde de Paris, and the Saxe-horn band, were stationed in and about the hall.

At the moment of the arrival of the coffin, covered with wreaths of immortals and bouquets, the bands commenced the *Schiller March*, after which choruses were sung from the *Prophète* and the *Pardon de Flörmel*, and the musical portion of the ceremony concluded with the *March from the Prophète*.

A discourse was then pronounced by M. Beulé in the name of the Institut of France ; this was followed by another by M. Perrin, of the Opéra, whose eloquence made the audience forget the solemnity of the occasion in their enthusiasm ; addresses were also delivered by Baron Taylor, by the Grand Rabbi, and by M. Cerfbeer in the name of the Jewish consistory, and lastly by M. Emile Ollivier, the eloquent member of the Corps Législatif and of the Bar of Paris, who spoke as one of the crowd in the name of the people of France with remarkable effect.

Five thousand persons were present at this touching adieu of France to Meyerbeer, and it is estimated that at least twenty thousand persons were present in the Place Roubaix, where the very house-tops were one mass of human beings, at the moment of the passing of the *cortege*. In the procession itself there were thirteen mourning coaches, and thirty carriages followed in the train.

M. Perrin, M. Brandus, and the daughters and nephew of the deceased, accompanied the remains to Berlin.

When the coffin was placed in Meyerbeer's house in that city, it was covered with flowers and wreaths, some of which were sent by the Queen of Prussia and the Princess Frederick Charles ; and amongst those who paid the last visit to the dead were Prince George, Prince Radziwill, Comte Rhœdern, and the French Ambassador, and all the celebrities of the literary and artistic world. The funeral ceremony commenced with a funeral chant composed by the deceased and executed by the chorus of the Opéra ; after which the Rabbi of Breslau pronounced a funeral oration. The catafalque was preceded by the various choirs, and followed by an immense crowd of persons and a long train of carriages. In front of the Opéra, over which waved a grand standard, draped in crape, the *cortege* halted while a chorus was executed by the Opéra company.

Meyerbeer now lies “alone—with his glory”

MUSICAL EVENTS.

MAY, the month when nature puts on her loveliest garb ; when flowers and trees, upland and meadow, fleecy clouds and balmy air combine to make glad the heart of man—May is the month of music. Specially in the metropolis is music the order of the day and night. Then are fashionable vocalists at a premium ; theatres and concert-rooms fill to overflowing ; continental musicians migrate hitherward ; and, in a word, “music fills the air.”

The past month has been no exception. There have been many good concerts and a multitude of mediocre ones. Let us take a retrospective glance at the leading characteristics of the month.

There was not the shadow of an excuse for performing the *Messiah* at Stratford during the Shaksperian festival, for Shakespeare had nothing in common with Handel, but that both were filled with the true fire of genius, developing itself in different ways. But when is the *Messiah* not welcome, if it be but well performed ?—that grand oratorio which has clothed and fed, and relieved from distress, so many suffering thousands, and which will last to the end of time. And how well the *Messiah* was performed at Stratford let the memories of those who heard it say. Who can forget Mr. Sims Reeves's magnificent rendering of “Comfort ye,” Mr. Santley's “But who may abide,” or Madam Baxter's felicitous expression in “O thou that tellest”? Who that heard them cannot recall the plaintive strains of Madame Parepa, as she sang those touching passages reminding us of the old, old story from sacred Writ which tells of the birth of the Saviour? More in keeping with the genius of the place, and the commemoration which drew so many thousands together, was the Shakespeare miscellaneous concert—pleasant, well arranged, and leaving behind it agreeable memories.

The State Concerts, given by command of the Queen, are less perhaps a feature of the musical season than a pleasant memorial of the fact, that if her Majesty still preserves her painful seclusion, she nevertheless does not forget the duty which position imposes even in respect to

so evanescent an institution—if we may use the word—as the London season. We need but add that the programme of the concert of the 11th ult., was of a high character, and that such performers as Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Parepa, Mr. Santley, Signor Giuglini assisted at it—we doubt not efficiently. The performers included the Queen's private band, with members of the Philharmonic, Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian Opera, and the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Though scarcely belonging to the pure domain of music, we must not pass over the operatic performances of the month. *Le Prophète* of Meyerbeer, at the Royal Italian Opera, has introduced two new singers, Mdlle. Destinn and Herr Wachtel. The former was not quite equal to the part of ‘Fides,’ and the latter rather suggested a contrast with, than reminded us of Mario and Tammerlik. It was no fault of Madame Ruderendorff's that the part of ‘Bertha’ is not a pleasant one. The charming singing and acting of the performer made us forget the character she was representing. *The Huguenots*, at the same house, was marred on its first representation by that too common marplot, *Indisposition*, though in this instance there could be no doubt of the reality of the cold under which Mdlle. Lucca was suffering ; while Herr Schmid was, it was said, too ill to appear. Signor Mario has been in splendid voice. In the ever-fresh *Sonnambula*, Mdlle. Patti has re-appeared as ‘Amina,’ and in the delicate finish and thoroughly natural personation of the heroine has illustrated the maxim of Horace, *Arts est celare artem*. Comparisons are odious, and it would seem ungenerous to recall the memory of Madame Malibran but that it were impossible for any living artist to transcend that gifted artiste, whose early death is a sad episode in the history of the opera ; but we may add that our memories of Malibran, while hearing Mdlle. Patti, only convinced us how charmingly the latter now sings and acts the part of ‘Amina.’

Otto Nicolai's comic opera of *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor* (The Merry Wives of Windsor) has been admirably put on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre. The cast was very strong, including the names of Mdlles. Titiens, Bettelheim, and Vitali ; and Messrs. Giuglini, Santley, and Gassier ; and the music being of a lively and original character, the whole opera has been very well received. Gounod's *Faust* has become a very favorite opera, and the way it is represented, with the brilliant power of Mdlle. Titiens, the clear, forcible style of Mr. Santley, and the delicate finish of Signor Giuglini, at this theatre, will indelibly fix it in the memories of opera *habitués*. Mdlle. Sinico, who made her début on the 17th ult., as ‘Violetta,’ in Verdi's meretricious opera, *La Traviata*, made a very respectable first appearance ; but her acting wants power and thorough identification with the character ; while her voice also lacks force, though it is pure and clear.

The fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales were present, gave us, among other classic compositions, Haydn's Sinfonia in G, fresh, bright, and inspiriting ; Weber's *Concert-Stück*, a masterpiece which Madame Arabella Goddard made completely her own ; Mendelssohn's Sinfonia in A ; and thatondrously difficult prelude and fugue to the *Tarantella*, the performance of which left the connoisseurs in doubt which most to admire, the fertile invention of Bach or the inimitable skill of the lady we have mentioned.

The New Philharmonic Concerts have presented us, as usual, with some of the finest classical compositions. Dr. Wynde, we think, exercised a wise discretion in shortening Schubert's grand Symphony in C. Strictly speaking, not a note was omitted, but the reduction was that of the repeats ; and we commend the plan to other conductors. We may have too much of even a good thing, and the finest instrumental composition may be too long, let enthusiastic connoisseurs say what they may. The overtures to Spohr's *Alchemist*, Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* were very effectively rendered ; but the vocalists—Mdlle. Fricci and Signori Neri-Baraldi and Colonese—struck us as being scarcely equal to the occasion.

The Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace are always an agreeable feature of the London season. This month they have given us several new singers and musicians. Foremost amongst these is Mdlle. Enequist—another Swedish Nightingale. Her pure, unaffected rendering of some of her country's melodies produced quite a *furore*. Mdlle. Mario Krebs, a pianist of only twelve years of age, has a charming touch and a thoroughly naïve style of playing and of manner—and that is something, after the constrained and artificial bearing of so many young-lady pianists. Ten opera concerts form the leading characteristics of the present season. Those that have been given have been well received, and for the

remainder Mr. Gye's reputation is a good guarantee. One thing alone is to be desired—that the place were better adapted for the music. Fairy-like as the Crystal Palace may be, it is not a favorite resort of Polyhymnia.

The Sacred Harmonic Society keeps up its old renown. The *Elijah* of Mendelssohn, with Mr. Sims Reeves to sing such delicious pieces as "If with all your hearts" and "Then shall the righteous," affords calm and delicious enjoyment, and never perhaps did our own tenor sing in grander style.

The Monday Popular Concerts are remarkable for providing the highest class of music at the lowest price. It speaks well for the increasing appreciation by the public of the works of the classical composers, that these concerts are so well attended. Amongst the gems which have during the month been well received, we may note Mozart's Quartet in G, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, exquisitely performed by Messrs. Pialti, Sivori, Ries, and H. Webb; Beethoven's Sonata in G, for pianoforte and violin, charmingly played by Messrs. Hallé and Sivori; "When the Orb of Day reposes," by Weber, somewhat tamely rendered by Mr. Cummings. That wondrous Pole, Wienawoski, has also reappeared at these concerts. He has not improved, and perhaps we can pay him no higher compliment. His execution is still the marvel that it was.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir have given a performance at St. James's Hall, the chief feature of which was the first production of a new Cantata, by Mr. Henry Gadsby, "Out of the Deep have I called." Somewhat too long perhaps, there are nevertheless such pathetic passages in it that it was not surprising that the whole piece was well received. It does great credit to its young composer. Madame Arabella Goddard's rendering of "Where the Bee sucks," with Mr. Benedict's variations, was a delicious piece of instrumentalism; and an encore being demanded, the accomplished pianiste gave 'Home, sweet Home.' Under the hands of Madame Goddard this simple, touching melody forms the groundwork of a brilliant set of variations as perhaps ever was heard, and the original is never lost. Often as we have heard it, there is ever a charm and a freshness in it.

Musical matinées and soirées are usually pretty numerous in May. Mr. Deacon, the pianist, gave a matinée at the Hanover Square Rooms—which by the way still keep up their old reputation—at which Messrs. Sainton, Palitzler, Webb, Clementi, and Pezze assisted; Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat, for pianoforte and stringed instruments, being the leading feature. Miss Marian Moss's singing of Spohr's "Bird and Maiden," with Sainton's obligato accompaniment—a charming fancy of Spohr's—was quite a treat. Mr. Austin gave a benefit concert at St. James's Hall, which was crowded. Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Parepa; a host of vocalists and instrumentalists; the choir of the Vocal Association and a band of harps; and Mr. Benedict as conductor—who could have exacted more!

We may briefly mention, as a fact of not only ecclesiastical, but musical interest, that a new mass has been produced at the Roman Catholic chapel, in Clarendon Square. It is not a fair subject for criticism, even if we cared to enter on it; but we may state that the composition contains some grand as well as plaintive passages, and that it was well rendered by Mesdames Rudersdorff and Laura Baxter, Signor Marras and Mr. Renwick.

In concluding our retrospect, we feel that we have had a pleasurable task. We necessarily have had to speak favorably of what has been so well done. The fact is, that both vocal and instrumental music have now been so highly cultivated, the public ear is so admirably attuned, and managers and conductors are so discriminating, that inferior music, trumpery compositions, or faulty execution now-a-days stand little chance with the general public, and none at all with the refined and critical audiences which assist at our first-rate musical performances. Our country has not only of late made rapid progress in material prosperity, but music, in common with her sister arts, has every day become better known and more highly appreciated.

DRAWING-ROOM OPERETTAS.—We have had occasion several times to mention, with terms of high praise, two comic operettas entitled *Cousin Kate* and the *Haunted Mill*. We are glad to perceive that these works are now in course of representation for one month from May 16, at St. James's Hall, by Mr. Elliot Galer and Miss Fanny Reeves. It would be superfluous for us to utter anything new in praise of such performances; but we may be allowed to counsel all those of our readers who may have the opportunity to pay a visit to one of the most tasteful and charming entertainments in the metropolis, and we are sure they will agree with all we have said of the merits of such exhibitions.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

STRANGE indeed it is, that this pretty conceit of our greatest dramatist should have travelled into Germany to be set to music, and afterwards returned for performance to its mother country. The performance of Nicolai's opera has been often promised by the London managers, and as often postponed, until the Tercentenary year has suggested to every one the propriety and advisability of making a little more of Shakespeare than we have done lately. The composer of the opera before us only just lived to see its successful performance at Berlin. He left behind him only one other opera "Il Templario," which was written some years before. It is generally agreed that his second and last work is by far the better of the two operas. It has never been our fortune to hear the former, and there is no chance of hearing it now; for on the Continent it has been eclipsed by *The Merry Wives*, which has been one of the most popular operas in Germany during the last fifteen years. Why it should have been so is not intelligible, for there is scarcely any German element in it; in style and construction Nicolai has followed closely the Italian school. Having studied in Italy, he exhibits the impressions of the softer climate and melodious school, much stronger than the bold harmony and energetic writing of his native land. All composers who have visited Italy seem to have been influenced by that country. Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, amongst others, felt the same influence which worked upon Nicolai. And so *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, in its operatic dress, reminds us more of Donizetti and Bellini, than of Weber or Mozart.

It was a bold thing to select this play for the foundation of an opera libretto. The plot and dialogue of the first four acts is, at first sight, most unsuited for music. The fifth act, it is true—with the midnight scene in Windsor forest and the opportunity of introducing fairy music—compensates for the prosaic character of the former part of the play, and, we suppose, must have given the reason for selection to Nicolai and his librettist, Mosenthal. With regard to the arrangement of the libretto, it is admirably done. With great discretion, the minor characters are weeded out, and the five acts compressed into three. Mosenthal has closely followed, as regards incidents and "dramatic situations," the original. Mr. and Mrs. Ford share with Falstaff the principal work: next in importance come Mrs. Page and Fenton; Ann Page, Mr. Page; Dr. Caius and Slender are the least important. The peculiarity of the part of Dr. Caius is necessarily lost in translation, which perhaps is not to be regretted, as the part of Sir Hugh Evans is entirely omitted. For the play, there is great humour in the contrast between the Welchman and the Frenchman; as the former character is eliminated in the opera, the latter would have lost, had it been possible to translate the humour, all the advantages of the contrast.

It is not saying too much, to assert that the overture is the finest movement in the whole opera. It is exceedingly brilliant and full of original melody, so that it may be placed by the side of almost any operatic overture without disadvantage. The opening is deliciously quaint: a long note is held on by the clarionets and first violins, when the subject is first played in the bass, then in the tenor, and so on, till it gradually is worked up by the whole orchestra. A short quick movement follows, in which there are some good modulations, and then comes the principal movement of the overture. If we might venture to say anything in dispraise, we might possibly be inclined to find fault with the length of this movement; however, the subjects are all nice, and are treated with effect; one melody is, indeed, deliciously sweet, and evidently comes from a brain not lacking in imaginative faculties. The overture will take a high rank amongst overtures, and be a valuable addition to the present stock of works of that description. After a very short introduction, the two ladies are brought before us comparing, in a long duet, their letters from Sir John Falstaff. There is great humour in the comparison of the love letters, and the discovery of their identity. An uninteresting scene between Ford, Page, Caius, Slender, and Fenton follows; after which we have a scene for Mrs. Ford, and then the *finale*. In this is included the visit of Falstaff to Mrs. Ford, the interruption by Mrs. Page, the clothes-basket fun, the search, and the failure of discovery. The fun of the whole thing is well translated into music, and is not at all less humorous than the original play. In reviewing the first act as a whole, we must confess to a feeling of disappointment, which is perhaps afterwards compensated for in the second and third acts. The chorus comes in gratefully, but very late in the act; the succession of solos and duets wants the relief of chorus before the *finale*, and the preponderance of the bass and the baritone parts is slightly monotonous, the part of Fenton (tenor) in this act being quite insignificant.

The librettist has interpolated a scene at the beginning of the second act, for the purpose of introducing a drinking song for Falstaff, with chorus. This song, as a drinking song, is a failure, and not at all up to the drinking songs of many other operas. A duet between Falstaff and Brook, alias Ford, follows, in which there is some very good writing, and in which the change of feeling in Ford is well brought out, as the old libertine tells the story of his escape in the basket and his plans for the future. We next have a change of scene from the fun to Page's garden, where the lovers of "sweet Ann Page" sing their loves one after the other. The air here allotted to Fenton is the best number of the opera. Curiously enough, this movement is much more German

than Italian, the exception to the rule of the opera. The accompaniment is beautifully scored, and adds much to the success of the song. Of course Ann Page is brought on the stage after this, and a very pretty duet follows, terminated by an elaborate trio cadenza for the two voices and violin obligato. This is quite original, nothing of the sort—as far as we know—having ever been heard before. After this we have the second visit of Sir John to Mrs. Ford, and the second escape. A very amusing duet is introduced, when Mr. Ford persists in examining the clothes-basket, and has to endure the ridicule of his wife. In this act we have to deplore the same lack of chorus and weighty music as in the first. There is more variety in the arrangement of the voices, and the progress of the opera is more brisk; but the operas that we are in the habit of hearing at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, spoil us for inferior chorus work. As the second act is, however, more interesting than the first, so again is the third more interesting than the second. After a short scene in the house of Mr. Page, we are taken to Windsor forest at midnight to witness the final discomfiture of the old man. The plots of Mr. and Mrs. Page for the secret marriage of their daughter with Slender and Dr. Caius respectively, and the counterplot of Ann to elope with Fenton, are all introduced. Now, for the first time in the opera, there is opportunity for scenic display and some chorus music. Nicolai has taken the latter opportunity, and made the best of it. In the dance music, he reproduces the subjects of the last movement of the overture with beautiful effect; and a brilliant *finale* for the principal characters and chorus brings the opera to an end.

Of the manner in which this opera is put upon the stage at Her Majesty's Theatre, we have spoken in the preceding page.

REVIEWS

The Primrose, Song, the poetry by Joseph Robert Shaw, the music by John Midgley, (Keighley, Barwick—London, Chappell & Co.) This is of the ordinary English ballad type, and is neither inferior nor superior to the average songs of the class. The melody is flowing and the accompaniment simple. The requirements of criticism are met, as it does not aspire to be anything beyond what it is—a simple song.

"O most Merciful" are the first three words, forming the title, of a chorale by Mr. Albert Lowe, (Ewer and Co.) the words from Bishop Heber. It bears the stamp of a man who knows something about music, and, although it is very short, is well written. There is a technical error in the last three bars which should have been avoided.

We have before us three small compositions of Mr. Thomas Thorpe. *Life, Earth, and Heaven*, is a sacred song, with accompaniment for the pianoforte and flute obligato, (Novello & Co.) We are surprised that more songs with obligato accompaniments are not written. The contrast between a flute or violin and the human voice is so pleasing, and the number of amateur instrumental performances now so much greater than it used to be, that we are sure it is well worth the attention of composers to add to this class of music. The specimen before us is the best thing we have seen of that gentleman's compositions. The flute part is very well managed, being effective and easy. We are glad to see that the copy sent to us is marked 'second edition.'

Watch and Pray, (Lemare, Paternoster Row,) is a sacred duet for two equal voices; the words by Mr. W. S. Passmore. The general feeling of the music is suited to the solemn subject. The three verses are all alike in melody and accompaniment: a variation in the latter, especially in the third verse, would have been very acceptable.

Bright-eyed Edith, Ballad, is by the same author and composer. The title-page to this song is out of the common run, and worthy of commendation. The song itself is not so commendable as Mr. Thorpe's other compositions: the interest is not sufficiently great to warrant its length; a great deal of the middle portion might have been cut out with great advantage.

Mr. G. B. Allen's cantata has a chance of being made popular in three arrangements before us:—*Harvest Home*, transcription (*facile*) for the pianoforte, by Henry Farmer, (Metzler & Co.); *Harvest-Home Quadrille* by Charles Coote, (Metzler & Co.) with an illustration (and a very pretty one, too); *Harvest-Home, Valse Rustique*, by Emile de Gaspard, (Metzler & Co.) As arrangements, these do not call for special remark. On the whole, the quadrilles are perhaps the most successful. The music of the original is extremely light, so that there is nothing lost in converting it into dance music, as is generally the case in similar conversions, which become often perversions. In this case, the melodies fit so well into the dance measures, that we are not sure they are not more successful in this shape than in the original.

We have not come across valses for some time so good as *Sweet Dreams, Valse*, by J. P. Clarke, (Metzler & Co.) The only fault we have to find in them is want of variety. They are all upon the same model. A little variation in the plan would have been an improvement. We are sure, however, that they will be successful in their vocation as valses. They are equally adapted to an orchestra or to a pianoforte. On the latter instrument they are tolerably easy, and yet effective. They are intended, as they should be, not so much for show performance as for their legitimate purpose. We must class them amongst the dance music of the first class.

Art Notes.

A DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Critics frequently take a strangely malicious delight in writing contemptuously of their own country. Musical cognoscenti, who are nothing if not critical, descent learnedly to prove (to their own satisfaction) that we have no British school of music; and art critics would sometimes have us believe that there is no English school of painting. Some tell us that in matters of art we do but derive our ideas from the Dutch or the Flemings. Why, there is as much contrast between Dutch or Flemish and English paintings, as there is between a barrel of herrings and an Etruscan vase. The one school is sombre and common-place—boorish and practical; the other is fresh, light, and breezy as our downs—original in conception and free in execution as befits our national character. We may want the gloomy transcendentalism of the Italian school, or the dramatic force of the French; but we have a grace and a freedom of our own which is far more akin to nature.

But we have not to discuss schools of painting. By your leave, good reader, we will have a day at the Royal Academy. We will abandon the jargon of criticism, and glance at the exhibition rather as lovers of art than critics.

The Royal Academy and the London season are twin ideas; the exhibition would be an anomaly at any other time, and the London season would not be itself without the Royal Academy, which for the time unites the world of art and the world of fashion: it being, of course, *de rigueur* for those who have any pretensions to fashion to patronize art generally and the Royal Academy in particular.

We paid a visit on the opening day, and we have visited the Academy since, so our reputation as lovers of art is secure. What a crush there was the first day. "Up-rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men! it is—it is our opening day." And we had to arouse ourselves. Everybody seems to consider it the thing to do (or to suffer), to go the first day; but many took nothing by their motion, for they had to turn back in despair. Well, we are an art-loving nation, that is certain, and there is comfort in that—it flatters our national vanity. But art is one thing, and comfort is another. We could not enjoy both. Had any one on the opening day sought to have a "comfortable" look at the pictures, he might perchance—supposing he had had a very active imagination—seen written up over the unromantic portals of the Royal Academy, "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.*" At all events, he would have found the temple of art insufferably—may we be permitted the word?—stifling and hot. But let that pass. The more suffering the more devotion to art.

But the gloomy portals passed, and the exacting Cernons, who had no change, appeased, we entered the British Temple of Art; we went, we saw, we departed; and now at this distance of time, with the advantage of a subsequent and, in more senses than one, a cooler visit, we must admit that the exhibition is in some respects disappointing, compared with what a Royal Academy exhibition in the year of grace 1864 ought to be; but that there are, nevertheless, many beautiful and telling pictures which well support the reputation of British art.

Two painters, whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words, are conspicuous by their absence. Where is Mr. Fritsch, and where Mr. Macilise? Who does not know Mr. Fritsch's "Derby Day," full of English life—true to nature, and, if possible, truer still to human nature? Who does not remember his "Ramsgate Sands"—the very embodiment of London out of town, with all its cockney narrow-mindedness, and its selfish but thoroughly hearty enjoyment? These paintings may not be true art; there is no idealism in them; they are simply groupings of the common-place and the real; but they are charming pictures nevertheless; and we should have liked Mr. Fritsch this year to have transcended himself. As to Mr. Macilise—the thoughtful, genial, and yet vigorous Macilise—he is supposed to be hard at work "in another place," or at all events for it, and we pardon his absence.

But all the world—of the Royal Academy—is before us where to choose, and we have to do with the present not the absent. Perhaps the most striking picture in the whole exhibition, is Landseer's "Man proposes, God disposes." It is terribly real; it haunts us and makes us almost shudder; but who can deny its force or its truth. We feel that it must be true. Two white polar bears—admirably painted, as Landseer only can paint animals—have found the body of some weary wanderer who had laid himself down to die on the ice. The Union Jack, that is being torn asunder by one of these grisly monsters, tells us that it is the remains of an Englishman that are being thus seized in the desecrating grasp of a ferocious animal that knows no feeling but that of hunger. A thrill of horror chills our veins as we gaze at the sad and revolting scene; but we bow to the power of Landseer, if we even dispute his taste; and we cannot deny that if, perhaps, somewhat too sensational, it does no violence to nature, but merely reproduces, with wondrous skill, what we feel to be true.

Let us recall another picture, for relief—"Faith and Mother bairn" of Mr. Fald. The father, a rough, home-spun, affectionate cobbler, who has to be a mother also to his child, is clumsily, and yet lovingly, fitting a pair of gloves on to the hands of his little daughter, while an interested group of ungloved companions, waiting to go

with her to school, gaze on the pair with combined pleasure and envy. It is a charming little episode in cottage-life, prettily telling its own sad and yet pleasing story.

What shall we say of Millais—the representative of a school, and the rage with some amateurs and critics? We frankly confess that we do not think he this year does himself justice. Whether we look at his "Charlie is my Darling," "My Second Sermon," or "Leisure Hours," we find ourselves more attracted by the dress and the accessories than by the principal figures. There is wondrous power of detail in these and his two other pictures, but the unity and *tout-ensemble* seems to us to be sacrificed to painstaking pedantry. Oliver Goldsmith tells us that a safe remark that may be made by an art-critic is, that doubtless the picture would have been better had the artist taken more pains. We think the paintings of Millais would be better were he to take less; and, if better than they now are, how glorious would they be!

A splendid picture is that by Mr. Phillips, "La Gloria, a Spanish Wake." Perhaps no picture in the Academy, if we except that of Landseer, will be more readily recalled. It lays hold on the mind at once, and fixes itself on the mind's eye. We feel that we shall remember it as we gaze upon it. The light and shade of the painting admirably harmonize with the story. A Spanish mother is mourning the loss of her child laid out for burial. The sorrow and agony of the bereaved woman, shrouded as it were by a pall of gloom, are wonderfully relieved by the scene without—a gay group met to dance and sing in the sunlight, with countenances as bright and happy as the day. Strange contrast, admirably marked! The picture is remarkable for its dramatic force, but not one whit is it less true to—Spanish human nature.

And here is a picture that is overdone—it transcends even the poetical idea which we all have of Dante, the grand, calm, and statuesque Italian, whose life was an epic. "Dante in Exile," by Mr. Leighton, is a noble picture—powerful in thought and execution; but we cannot reconcile ourselves to the banished poet's being either so contemned by the frivolous crowd which watches him, or so contemptuous of them. But that the story, if rather exaggerated, is well told, no one can deny.

A telling and carefully-studied picture is Mr. Poole's "Lighting the Beacon on the Coast of Cornwall on the appearance of the Spanish Armada." Mr. Stansfeld's companion paintings "Peace" and "War," reminding us only in name of Landseer's, are gems; and we were delighted with his "On the Hollands Diep." Charming too are Mr. Creswick's landscapes, as they usually are. Full of life and character, and thoroughly akin to the *genius loci*, is Mr. Lewis's "Court Yard" at Cairo. For sombre, heavy historical truth, conscientiously limned, but without an atom of romance, as befits the subject, commend us to the "Burial of Hampden." For a charming episode in the life of a witty, cruel, and yet not wholly heartless man, may be pensively studied Mr. Crowe's "Dean Swift looking at a lock of Stella's hair." Landseer's great picture, which we have commented on, must not hide his smaller gems—his bullfinches and his squirrels, pretty as they are natural. Nor must the visitor overlook the sweet woodland scenery which Mr. Redgrave so beautifully paints. But we can indicate no more beauties, of which there are many.

To say that we agree with the decision of the hanging committee in all cases would be absurd. *Quot homines, tot sententiae.* Who does wholly agree with these gentry? Certainly not the unhappy artists who are placed below the line, or are sky-lined, and some of whom will yet see themselves famous. Several pictures which have not received honour at the hands of the committee, we think, are worthy of it; and might well have changed places with others; but comparisons are odious, and we refrain. We at least are in no humour to grumble, and, on the whole, we are proud of our Royal Academy.

Literary Notes and Notices.

We are pleased to find on our table a collection, in one volume, of the poems of Lord Houghton, better known perhaps as Richard Monckton Milnes. From the multitude of mere rhymers, who fancy themselves poets because they happen to have mechanical facility for verse-making, Lord Houghton stands gracefully apart. With the first you invariably find, stamped on every page of their productions, the fatal presumption that they are great poets; for when they happen to give expression to a thought worth uttering upon such common subjects as are likely to be within the scope of their imagination or appreciation, they always appear slightly to pass them over as infinitely beneath notice, preferring rather stilted phraseology to any natural echo, which, had they been patient disciples of Nature, it might have fallen to their lot to translate to us in something like understandable music. Nothing of this failing can be imputed to Lord Houghton. He seems fully conscious of the depth of his own poetic nature, and the height to which he may safely aspire. Hence, he does not attempt impossibilities, but, satisfied with and evidently thankful for the genuine poetry existing in his nature, with genial simplicity he embodies his sentiments in verse, exemplifying thereby that he loves poetry for her own sweet sake, without care or thought for any real or imaginary fame which may be obtained through her means. Good taste, kind feeling, and universal sympathy pervades these poems. The reader will find no startling thoughts, no abstruse

theories propounded, no high-flown conceptions; and although Lord Houghton has had the advantages of moving for many years in the best of society, he has the good taste to make few personal allusions, and his pages are entirely free both from flattery and bitterness. Simple, graceful, truth-conveying verses there are in abundance, free from all affectation, and possessing grace and music sufficient to command them to the memory as well as to the ear. Lord Houghton's poems fairly represent him, reflecting felicitously his estimable characteristics as a gentleman of large sympathies and good taste. He has not written us any great poetry, and, what is more, he has never pretended to do so, but he supplies us with pleasant verses, infinitely more readable and serviceable than the uncertain effusions of the disciples of the spasmodic school. Here is a pretty piece of word-painting, which may be taken as a fair specimen both of what Lord Houghton can and cannot do:

"FAMILIAR LOVE."

"We read together, reading the same book,
Our heads bent forward in a half embrace,
So that each shade that either spirit took
Was straight reflected in the other's face:
We read, not silent, nor aloud—but each
Follow'd the eye that past the page along,
With a low murmur'ring sound that was not speech,
Yet with so much monotony,
In its half-slumbering harmony,

You might not call it song;

More like a bee, that in the noon rejoices,
Than any custom'd mood of human voices.
Then, if some wayward or disputed sense
Made cease awhile that music, and brought on
A strife of gracious-worded difference,
Too light to hurt our soul's dear unison,
We had experience of a blissful state,
In which our powers of thought stood separate,
Each in its own high freedom, set apart,
But both close folded in one loving heart;
So that we seem'd, without conceit, to be
Both one and two in our identity.

"We pray'd together, praying the same prayer,
But each that pray'd did seem to be alone,
And saw the other, in a golden air
Poised far away, beneath a vacant throne,
Beckoning the kneler to arise and sit
Within the glory which encompass'd it:
And when obeyed, the Vision stood beside,
And led the way through that upper hyaline,
Smiling in beauty tenfold glorified,
Which, while on earth, had seem'd enough divina,
The beauty of the Spirit-Bride,
Who guided the rapt Florentine.

"The depth of human reason must become
As deep as is the holy human heart,
Ere aught in written phrases can impart
The might and meaning of that ecstasy
To those low souls, who hold the mystery
Of the unseen universe for dark and dumb.

"But we were mortals still; and when again
We raised our bended knees, I do not say
That our descending spirits felt no pain
To meet the dimness of an earthly day;
Yet not as those dishearten'd, and the more
Debased the higher that they rose before,
But from the exaltation of that hour,
Out of God's choicest treasury, bringing down
New virtue to sustain all ill,—new power
To braid Life's thorns into a regal crown,
We pass into the outer world, to prove
The strength miraculous of united Love."

We have received a copy of a work which must prove very interesting to ladies, entitled *Crinoline in our Parks and Promenades, from 1730 to 1864*, with *Antique Illustrations*. This book is published by Mr. E. Philpot, the well-known draper and crinoline-manufacturer in Piccadilly; but it is not therefore, as might be supposed, a mere means of puffing his own wares, like the *Shakespeare Tercentenary Pamphlet* of E. Moses & Son. The work before us is a genuine literary production, and, as respects its typography and illustrations, it is quite an *article de l'use*, suitable for the drawing-room table. The pages are large and oblong in shape, and the literary contents form a history of crinolines and hoops from about the year 1700, with descriptive references to ten well-executed woodcuts printed upon toned paper, and derived from authentic drawings made at the different periods noticed. Notwithstanding the date 1730 in the title-page, the work really starts from the year 1700, the first plate being dated 1710. With the dawn of the eighteenth century the hoop, it appears, first came into vogue as an article of feminine attire, and for just one hundred years it continued in fashion, as proved by contemporary pictures, until in 1800 "all expansion seems to have died away, and in its place the would-be classic style of Revolutionary France flourished, and tried to live." During the next fifty years, skirts were worn in the "clock case" style, until about 1850, when gradually one expedient after another was adopted as a means of expansion (for example, the bustle, which now would appear so ridiculously ineffective), until we have arrived in 1864 at the maximum of distension consistent with good taste, and in individual instances at something more.

Notices of several other works are unavoidably pressed out of this number by musical and artistic matter of immediate interest.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Musical and Literary contributions should be addressed to the Editors, 33 Frith-street, Soho-square, London, W.
Books and Music for review will be received by Messrs. Hall, Allen, and Smart, 25 Paternoster Row, E.C., or at the Office of THE MUSICAL MONTHLY.

fiction.

THE SISTERS: A CLERGYMAN'S STORY.
A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

I.

SHE was gasping when I came in. Her sickness had been sudden and severe, and before we were prepared for the terrible event, we knew that death was at the door.

The house in which Mrs. Bell had lived for twenty years, and was now dying, was an old-fashioned mansion on the hill overlooking the village and the bay, and a wide expanse of meadow that stretched away to the water's edge. On the side toward the sea was a long piazza, a favourite resort of the family in summer, when the weather was pleasant. I was walking on it, and now and then looking off upon the world below, but with my thoughts more turned upon the scenes that were passing within.

I had been sent for, a few hours before, and, to my consternation and grief, had found Mrs. Bell already given up by her physicians, and her life rapidly rushing to its close. Her disease was inflammatory. Its progress had defied all human skill, and two days had brought her to this! It was hard to believe it. But why should I be so distressed with the result, when others were suffering anguish which even my sympathies could not reach to relieve? Exhausted with my vain but earnest efforts to soothe the heart-rending grief of those who clung to the dying, I had left the chamber.

Mrs. Bell was a communicant at my church. Mr. Bell was not. He was reputed to be a man of means, and was known to be living easily, avoiding all business, and apparently caring for nothing in the future. No one suspected that this indifference had resulted in the gradual wasting away of the property he had inherited; mortgages covering all the landed estates he was known to possess, till even the homestead was in danger.

But the pride of my parish was in this family. Two daughters, with only the difference of a year in their ages, and now just coming up into womanhood, were the only children of Mr. and Mrs. Bell. Sarah was the eldest, and her blue eyes and yellow air were like her mother's, and the younger, Mary, had inherited from her father a radiant black eye, and locks of the raven hue. They were sisters in heart, soul, and mind, though a stranger would not have taken them to be the children of the same mother. Such love as bound them was wonderful to me, who, as the pastor of the family, was often there, and knew them well. I had watched its growth for ten years, and frequently had remarked that it exceeded in tenderness and devotion anything of the kind that had ever fallen under my notice. Mrs. Bell had a thousand-fold more opportunities of putting it to the test, and of seeing it tried in the daily and hourly intercourse of the family, and she had told me that she had never known a moment of failure in the season of childhood and of youth, when the temper is often tried, and children are called on to make sacrifices for one another in little things, far greater tests of love than the struggles of after-life. She had observed, and had mentioned to me, a mysterious sympathy between them even from very early years. Their minds were turned at one and the same moment toward the same subject, when there appeared to be nothing suggestive of the train of thought engaging them both. A secret thread seemed to connect their souls, so that what was passing in one's mind was often at work in the other's. Instead of provoking dissension, as such a coincidence would naturally produce, it was rather a bond of union, leading them to love the same pleasures, and to study and labour to promote each other's joys. This was the more remarkable as their natural tempers were unlike. The eldest was sanguine and cheerful, a sunbeam always shining in the house, glad and making glad—the brightest, happiest, gleelest girl in my parish. Mary was sedate. Like her father, she was not inclined to action. Even in her childhood a tinge of melancholy gave a colouring to her life. She was fond of reading and retirement. When alone, her thoughts were her own. Her love for Sarah, and her filial love, made her faithful as a sister and a child; but there was a trait of character in which her sister, with all their sympathy, did not share. It was requisite, this contrast, to make them two. There was individuality, notwithstanding the kin-tie of spirit binding them as one, in a deep, earnest, true-hearted love that knew no break or change. But I am dwelling on these features of the children while the mother is dying. I was walking up and down the piazza, thinking of the awful work death was making in this house; of the wondrous love that bound mother and daughters, now to be no barrier in the way of this fell destroyer, half wishing I had the power to stay his arm, and drive him out of the paradise he was about to blast with his breath, when a servant summoned me to the chamber.

She was gasping as I entered. The fever raging in her veins had suffused her cheeks with crimson: the rich hair, which, according to the custom of the times—for this was many, many years ago—she had worn in a mass sustained by a comb on the back of her head, now hung in great ringlets on her shoulders, and the eye, sparkling with the last light of life, was fixed on her daughters kneeling at the bedside, giving vent to their bitter grief in floods of tears, and sobbing they strove in vain to suppress.

Yet she knew me. She raised her hand as I came in, and said to me as I approached, "I know that my Re-

deemer liveth." Before I could find words, she added: "My children—the poor girls—be kind to them—be a friend to my dear husband!" It was her last effort. While I had been out of the room, she had taken leave of those dearest in life, and was now breathing away her spirit calmly, for she was not afraid to die, peacefully, for the pains of death were past.

It was all over. The stricken daughters were borne from the room by kind friends. The husband, betraying less emotion than we thought he would show in the midst of such a scene, retired, and I was for a moment alone with the dead. Wondrous the change that an instant had wrought! Out on an unknown sea the soul had drifted, and left this wreck upon the shore—a dissolving hulk—a heap of clay that would soon be loathsome to those who an hour ago were hanging over it with intensest love, covering it with kisses, and folding it in their arms. They call this awful work by the name of death! But this is not the last of Mrs. Bell, the lovely, living Mrs. Bell. She is not dead. This is not the wife, the mother, the friend. She is not here. And as she is not here, we can do nothing more for her.

A few days afterwards we laid her in the grave. She was a great favourite among our people, and they were all present at her burial. The grief of her daughters was for the present inconsolable; it was kindness to let them weep freely, and have their own way in the first gush of their great sorrow. Perhaps time would do something for them. Religion would shed a soothing influence over their crushed and bleeding hearts; but now it was better to let the streams of affection flow along in these gushing tears, for there is a medicine in weeping that is the first remedy of grief.

II.

Mr. Bell died in less than a year. He was seized with a fit of apoplexy, while sitting on the piazza after dinner, and died without a word.

The daughters were not at home, but were sent for in all haste, and arrived just as I did, being called again to the house where so recently I had seen the fairest and fondest of mothers expire. The body of Mr. Bell, dressed as he died, was lying on the same bed which I had last seen when the corpse of his wife was there. It seemed but the day before. Not a change had been made. The same Bible lay on the same stand, near the bed, and I had heard that he read it often since the death of his wife. The same bureau with drawers and covered with a white cloth, a few choice books standing on it, was on the other side of the room; and a large easy-chair stuffed and clothed with dimity, and a few simple but very convenient articles, completed the furniture of the apartment. But instead of the pale form of my gentle friend, Mrs. Bell, lovely even in death, there was lying on that white counterpane the large and now blackened corpse of her husband. The physician, who had been early on the ground, had found him dead. The case was a plain one. Indeed, he had been often warned of such an event, but his habitual fondness of putting things off, had led him to neglect all means of improving or preserving his health, and he had been cut down in the midst of his days.

But the daughters. They were orphans now. They clung to me as to the friend on whom they might lean, and who would not forget the dying request of their sainted mother. They had loved their father with all the earnestness of their nature, and all the more since the death of their mother had made him dependent on them for a thousand nameless acts and arts of kindness which he had ever received from his faithful wife. And the loneliness that now lay before them was so appalling that they feared to look into the future. They had no brother, no relative to whom they might turn. It was not strange that such thoughts pressed on them, even at the side of their dead father, and that in the midst of their anguish under this sudden and overwhelming blow, they should every now and then cry out, "What shall we do?" And who could answer this question?

If it was a sad and fearful inquiry while as yet we believed that Mr. Bell had left behind him a large and handsome property; it was more distressing still when, a few weeks after his death, it was discovered that he was hopelessly involved in debt, and after the claims of his creditors were but partially satisfied, it would leave nothing, not a farthing, not the homestead, not the house, not even the furniture to his daughters. He was a bankrupt, and had been for a long time past; but he had no energy to meet the calamity, and death came on him just as his affairs were reaching a crisis that put further concealment respecting their condition out of the question. Perhaps the coming disclosure hastened the blow that killed him. But the facts could no longer be hid even from those whom they must crush. Poor girls! In every sense that makes that word poor a term of pity, these girls were now poor indeed. Had it been possible for me in my circumstances to have assumed the burden, I would gladly have taken them to my own home, and made them sharers with my children in the weal or woe in store for us all. This I could not in justice do. But something must be done, and that with no delay. The estate was administered upon in a few weeks; and as there were no funds to meet the debts, the law took its course, and the orphans were homeless.

Their education had been domestic. Mrs. Bell had been their teacher. They were well-read girls, but not fitted to teach others. So that door was not open to them. Sarah particularly, with a fine imagination and a decidedly poetical turn of mind, was familiar with the literature of her own language, which she was accustomed

to read with her mother. Many of her letters are now in my possession, and they are clothed in language at once graceful and rich, and some of them are beautiful in style and thought. Mary had less taste for reading, yet she thought more and felt deeper than her sister. In the retirement of that home circle the mother and daughters, with an industry more common perhaps in those days than it is in the present, had made needle-work their chief employment, and it was natural that the girls should turn to that in which they were the most expert, as the means on which they must rely for their main support, now that they were thrown upon their own resources, or upon the charity of the world. They had too much self-reliance, and too much confidence in God, to trust themselves to the kindness of friends, who, in the impulse of sudden sympathy, might offer to do for them what would soon prove to be a task and a burden. No; they would meet the emergency with the energy of faith and hope, knowing that God helps those who help themselves. They gave themselves scant time for mourning. They left the home of their infancy and childhood—the third great sorrow of their lives. But now that father and mother were both gone, even the honeysuckle that climbed up the piazza, and the beds of flowers they had planted and tended with their own hands, and the fruit that hung in rich abundance in the garden, lost half their value—they served rather to remind them of days when in happy youth they had enjoyed them all with the parents they had lost, and it was almost a relief to turn their backs upon the home they had loved, and seek a humble lodging in the village.

III.

For they are sewing-girls now. It was nothing that they were young and pretty and well-bred. They must have food and raiment and shelter, and they could earn all by the labour of their hands. They were not the girls to shrink from the contest with pride and custom, and the thousand-and-one mortifications to which this new and trying life would lead. Sarah led, and Mary followed. They had no words about it. Sarah proposed it, and Mary had been thinking of the same plan. It was the only one before them; and it was not so hopeless as it might be. They had many friends: they would find work, plenty of it, and it would be sweeter to live on the bread of honest industry than to ask the charity of any one, or to receive it without asking. It was a noble resolution. They consulted me before coming to a decision, and I could not oppose their scheme, though I had no heart to counsel them to go on with it. The future would be so unlike the past. These sensitive natures—these children, as they were to me, who had known them so long as children only—to be exposed to the rough-and-tumble of the life of orphans, was bad enough under almost any aspect of the case. But to be harassed by the daily vexations, and wearied by the daily toils of the life of a seamstress, was more than I could think of without tears; and I admired the fortitude with which they addressed themselves to the work they had assumed.

Mrs. Benson was a friend indeed. She was of one of the most influential families in my parish, and had been the bosom friend of Mrs. Bell while she was yet with us. Mrs. Benson offered the girls a home, and when they declined her generous proposal, she insisted on their looking to her as to a mother in the future, whatever might be the issue of the new and untried experiment they were about to make. We shall, however, overrate the heroism of the girls if we measure it by the sacrifice of feeling which such a mode of life would require at the present time. In our rural village of a thousand inhabitants, the girls would not be the less esteemed by any of the better sort of people for their new employment. On the contrary, the door of every house would be open to them, and every voice would be one of kindness to greet them when they came.

"I shall die, I know I shall," said Mary, as they were alone in the snug parlour of the old homestead for the last time. "I feel it here"—as she laid her hand on her side, and pressed her beating heart. "I can never leave it, and feel that it is to be no home of ours again."

"But, Mary dear," said her more hopeful sister, "we could not be at home if we stayed here. It is all gloomy now, and what there is to love will be as much ours hereafter as it ever was. These walks will be here, and these trees and flowers, and we will often come and look on them; for whoever lives here will never deny us the privilege. And we are to do for ourselves now. It is too soon to be discouraged. God will help us, and that right early."

"Yes, sister Sarah, I know all that, and more; but I am afraid. It is dreadful, this going out into the world alone. It looks so dark. My head aches when I think of it. A great black cloud seems to be hanging over us; and sometimes I think I am growing blind, everything is so dark before me—tell me now, truly, have you had no such fears?"

"But I will not give them room in my thoughts for a moment. They do come to me, as to you, and sometimes they frighten me; but I drive them away, and look to God for strength. Fearful thoughts never come from Him. He is our father now, more than ever, and has promised that he will never leave nor forsake us."

Mary was silenced, but not satisfied. Sarah could thus reason her into resignation, but it was still very dark and trying; and, to her desponding nature, there was something in store for them more terrible than they had yet experienced. The presentiment was dim, and might be

idle, but it was deep-seated and absorbing. She said it was in her heart, but it was in her brain. She often pressed her hand hard on her forehead, and then thrust her head into Sarah's bosom, not weeping, but asking her sister to hide her from the terrible fate that gathered about her, and threatened to blast them both in the morning of their grief.

IV.

"What will George say?" had been a question often on Sarah's mind when coming to this decision that she must be a seamstress. George had never told her that he loved her, but he had been kind and attentive, and a thousand nameless acts had given her the assurance that he was more to her than a friend. She was not insensible. Sarah would have loved him had he sought her love. Happily for her own peace, he had made no advances, and when he learned that she and her sister were not only orphans, but poor, he discovered that he had no particular regard for either of them, and, with no words, left them to their fate. Perhaps this blow to Sarah's hopes, for she had hopes, was necessary to complete the misery of her portion. A noble, faithful friend, to stand by her in such an hour, would have been like life to the dead. There was no such stay for her now. And the two sisters, finding that few friends are born for adversity, prepared to go forth hand-in-hand, and, trusting only in God, to do what they could for themselves.

Mrs. Benson was always ready for them with plenty of work, when they had nothing to do elsewhere. She made it for them, not that she had need of their aid, and so cheated them into the belief that they were indispensable for her comfort, while she was only ministering to theirs.

V.

Mrs. Flint was housekeeper to Mrs. Benson. She had now held this situation for many years, never gaining the confidence of the lady whose domestic affairs she had superintended with so much zeal and discretion as to render herself indispensable to the house. But she was very far from securing the affections of any of its inmates. A married daughter of hers in the village was even less a favourite than she, in the family of Mrs. Benson. Perhaps the evident partiality which Mrs. Benson had exhibited for the young ladies, who were now her *protégées*, and her failure to interest Mrs. Benson in her daughter, may have been the occasion of a feeling of enmity which she had cherished toward these girls ever since they had become the occasional members of the family. Yet it is needless to speculate upon the causes which led to the indulgence of such feelings. A bad heart affords the only explanation of the phenomenon; for such it certainly appeared to any who came to the knowledge of the fact that a woman could cherish in her heart a desire to injure two unprotected orphans, whose helpless situation and exceeding innocence of character won for them the universal love and confidence of the community. Without stopping, therefore, to speculate upon the causes of her enmity, it is enough to say that she conceived and carried into execution a plan for the destruction of their character. She accused them to Mrs. Benson of having purloined many articles of clothing; and when the declaration was made, and was received by Mrs. Benson with indignant exclamations of incredulity, she demanded that the basket which they had brought with them should be searched, and expressed her willingness to abide by the result of the examination. She declared that she had seen one of them coming from the wardrobe in the morning, and under circumstances that left no doubt upon her own mind that she had been there for no proper purpose.

More for the sake of convincing her housekeeper of the innocence of those whom she had so recklessly accused than with any idea of making a discovery that should even awaken suspicion in her own mind, Mrs. Benson consented to the search; and while the girls were engaged upon their work below, Mrs. Benson and the housekeeper proceeded to the apartment which had been occupied by the girls, where Mrs. Flint immediately produced from the bottom of the basket the articles, of no great value, to be sure, but enough to fix upon them the guilt which Mrs. Flint had already imputed to them. Still Mrs. Benson was not satisfied. The confidence of years was not to be dashed, even by such a disclosure as this. But what could she say? Mrs. Flint, with vehemence, insisted upon calling up the girls, setting before them the evidence of their shame, and compelling them, with the proof before their own eyes, to confess their guilt.

Bewildered by the painful circumstances for which she was utterly unable to account, and hoping that they would be able to make some explanation of the unpleasant facts, Mrs. Benson consented to summon them to the chamber, and to hear from their own lips such explanation as they might be able to offer. At her call, they came hastily to the room, with conscious innocence in their faces, and wondering at the occasion of being summoned at such an hour to meet Mrs. Benson in their own room. She held up before them what would appear to be indisputable evidence that they had been seeking to rob their best friend; and, with trembling voice and tearful eyes, she begged them to tell her by what means these evidences of their wrong had thus been secreted. To her astonishment, they both received her inquiries and disclosures with a ringing laugh. This could mean only utter unconsciousness of evil, if it were not the evidence of a hardened depravity inconsistent with their previous history.

When they came, however, to view the subject in a more serious light, and to perceive the necessity of giving

some account of the circumstances in which they were involved, they could do nothing more than to declare their utter ignorance of the way and manner by which they had so suddenly come into possession; and looking at Mrs. Flint, whose eyes fell to the floor when they attempted to catch her attention, they united in the declaration that some evil-disposed person must have secreted the articles among their things for the purpose of fastening upon them the suspicion of theft. Mrs. Flint declared that no one excepting herself and Mrs. Benson had been in the house, or had any access whatever to their apartments, and it was quite impossible to suppose that these things could be found there without hands; and if not without hands, whose could they have been, unless those of the young ladies in whose possession these things had been so providentially discovered?

"But how came they to be discovered?" demanded the girls.

This was a question for which Mrs. Flint was unprepared; but recovering herself, she said that, for some time past, her suspicions had been excited by having missed various articles, which she had never mentioned to Mrs. Benson, and which she was resolved not to mention until she should be able to account for their disappearance; that, accordingly, she had kept her eye upon the girls since they came into the house, and having noticed one of them this morning under circumstances that led her to suspect all was not right, she had taken the liberty, in their absence from the room, of examining the apartment, and this was the result!

Roused by a sense of the great injustice which had been done to them, yet scarcely able to believe that so much malice could be in the human heart, unable to imagine a reason that could prompt any human being to devise and execute such a plan of mischief against them, they nevertheless, in conscious innocence, uniting in charging upon Mrs. Flint, with courage which injured virtue always summons to its own defence, the having contrived this detestable scheme for their ruin; and throwing themselves upon the mercy and upon the neck of Mrs. Benson, they begged her, for the sake of their mother, now in heaven, for their own sakes—helpless and friendless as they were in the world—not to believe this terrible charge, of which they declared themselves to be as guiltless as the spirit of her who bore them.

Mrs. Benson believed them. With all the confidence of a mother, trusting in the purity of daughters whose every word and action she had known and loved from infancy, she took them to her heart, and assured them that, however dark the circumstances might appear, however difficult it might be to explain them, she would believe that God would yet make it plain, and that, whatever others might think, she for one would cherish no suspicion.

This was a dark chapter in the history of the orphans. Hitherto misfortune had followed fast upon the heel of misfortune. The "clouds had returned after the rain;" but the sorrows which they had experienced had been such as left them in the enjoyment of that priceless treasure—a character above reproach or suspicion. Now, the cloud that hung over them was darker than any which had ever yet obscured their path. For they began to feel how vain would be all their own efforts to stem the tide of adversity, unless they had not only the present consciousness of virtue, but the sweet assurance of the respect and confidence to which it would entitle them.

It was a cheerless circle that surrounded the table at Mrs. Benson's that evening; few words were spoken, but every heart was full of its own reflections upon the events of the day, and their probable influence upon the parties interested. Mrs. Benson's mind was made up as to the course it was her duty to pursue with reference to the woman who, she had no doubt, was the evil genius in her house, and to whose malignant jealousy of the orphans she was compelled to attribute this fiendish attempt at their ruin. Still, she desired so to manage the affair as to prevent any future mischief resulting to them from the tongue of Mrs. Flint, when she should dispense with her services in the house.

In the retirement of their chamber the sisters wept together over this new sorrow; they sought strength from God, to whom alone they had learned to look for help in extremities; and hour after hour, as they lay in each other's arms, they sought to cheer one another with words that did not speak the feelings of their hearts; and it was not until long after midnight that disturbed sleep gave them a brief and imperfect respite from the grief now thickening around and upon them. It was impossible to escape the apprehension that Mrs. Benson's confidence in their integrity had been shaken; and they could not but feel, that were she lost to them, all on earth was lost; and then, so often had they already been compelled to experience the failure of all earthly friendship, they would seek to persuade themselves that, even in the last and most trying circumstances to which they could be subjected, there was One ever above and near them, to whom they might flee for succour, and whose promises, made to their mother in her dying hour, would never fail.

A few days afterward Mrs. Flint took her departure from the house of Mrs. Benson to her married daughter's dwelling, and made it her home for the future. It was not long before the sisters found that her tongue was busy; that she had correctly interpreted the reason of her dismissal; and now, more than she ever had done, sought to work their destruction for the sake of revenge. Whatever might have been the deficiency of motive in her case when she first meditated mischief, she had now

abundant excitement in the fact that the failure of her scheme had wrought her own injury. Stung by the mortification of her own discharge, she sought to expend the violence and bitterness of her own feelings in circulating in the community, with malicious expedition, the story which would serve at once the double purpose of injuring the orphans and accounting for her own retirement from the service of Mrs. Benson.

The girls saw the effects before they heard the cause. Friends in whose doors they had been welcomed now received them with coldness. Those who had sought their services now fell away, and they soon found themselves dependent most entirely upon their truly maternal friend, Mrs. Benson, who alone, of all the circle in which they had formerly been received, stood by them. So wide-spread is the mischief which an evil report occasions! It was in vain that Mrs. Benson asserted her belief in the innocence of the sisters. The community took the side of her whom they believed to have been unjustly accused; and to have been discharged when all the evidences of wrong were against the parties whom Mrs. Benson had sheltered with what they believed an overweening confidence.

VI.

So strong became the prejudice against these unfortunate girls, that their employment gradually fell off, until it became evident that they must be dependent upon Mrs. Benson for their daily bread, or must seek in some other place, a more favourable opportunity of sustaining themselves. Their friend and patron kindly assisted them in establishing themselves in a neighbouring village, where it was believed they might be able to pursue their work, and by degrees gain the confidence of the community. But with a vindictiveness rarely to be found in the female sex, and painful to be contemplated wherever observed, Mrs. Flint followed them to their new home, and soon spread, in the community where they were now seeking to establish for themselves a character, the report that they had been compelled to leave their native village under suspicitions of dishonesty. They struggled heroically against this new dispensation of evil, but in vain. A few weeks had scarcely elapsed before it came evident that they would be utterly unable to make progress in this new field, and that the few friends whom they had made were not proof against the insidious effects of slander, which was now undermining them. Indeed, so strong became the popular feeling of indignation against them, as suspicious and dangerous young women who had come into the place, because they were unable to live in another where they were better known, that the house in which they lodged was surrounded by a mob, and demonstrations of violence were made! When they heard the alarm which came up from the street, and were told that they were the occasion of the disturbance, trembling lest they might be the victims of personal violence, their fright became insupportable. Mary, the less excitable of the two, sat moody and speechless.

"They are coming!" at last she exclaimed; "they are coming for us. We shall be driven out; perhaps we shall be killed. What shall we do?"

Sarah more excited, but always more hopeful, strove to allay her alarm, beseeching her not to lose her trust in God, but to hope for the best. Through the help of the man whose house they were dwelling in, Sarah succeeded, after a while, in inducing the rioters in the street to retire, after having given them the assurance that they would on the next day return to the village from which they had come.

But they had to be taken there. And it was a month before that could be done. The fearful presentiment of some greater sorrow—the great black cloud—was made real; Mary was laid upon a bed of suffering with a brain fever, and Sarah was, by turns, a gentle and then a raving maniac! God help the orphans!

VII.

A year in their native village passes by. They are now hopelessly deranged. Wandering in the streets, singing loose and ribald songs—a source of intensest grief to all those who had known them in the loveliness of their childhood and youth—they were objects also of the tenderest compassion; and had there been at this time any provision for the care and cure of the insane, doubtless they would have found a refuge in some such asylum. Human skill had not yet contrived such institutions, and the insane were only prevented from doing injuries to others by being confined among the most miserable and degraded of the public poor. As the girls manifested no disposition to do violence to others, and were cheerful rather than gloomy in their madness, they were suffered to go at large; and many sought, by kindness, to win them back again to a state of quietness and peace. Often, when led by the hand of friendship into the house of those who would care for them, they were known to leap from the windows into the street, as if apprehensive of being confined.

As yet, they were never, even in their worst state, insensible to the voice of love. My own house was freely opened to them as a home, where I sought, by all the assiduity which my affection for their parents could suggest, to administer the balm of comfort, if I could not furnish the balm of healing, to their wounded minds.

One instance occurs to me of peculiar interest. They were invited, as not unfrequently they had been before, to spend a social evening with some of the young people of the village; and, in the midst of the lively associations of the evening, their spirits seemed to revive. Some-

thing of their former gentleness and loveliness began to return. Yet now, so far had the work of ruin gone on in the minds of these young girls, that they not only had forgotten many of their early friends and associates, but, strange to say, they had forgotten the relationship between themselves. They knew each other only as companions. At the close of the evening, they were invited to spend the night at the house where the entertainment had been given; and after retiring to bed, and lying in each other's arms, soothed by the pleasures which they had been enjoying, and the circumstances of comfort by which they found themselves surrounded, calm serenity of mind stole over them, fond memory came back with all its sweet influences, and gradually the truth broke in upon their souls that they were sisters! In mutual recognition, and in the fulness of that affection which had been uninterrupted from infancy, they spent the most of the night in delightful union of spirit, forgetful, of course, of all that had occurred in the hours and months of their delirium; yet remembering that some great sorrow had once shed its gloom over their minds, and that they were now in the midst of friends and pleasures, which it was their privilege to enjoy. They rose in the morning refreshed by a night, not of sleep, but of sweet peace. Alas! it was but for a night! Before the day was gone, the cloud gathered over them once more; delirium seized them; they rushed forth from the house of their protector and friend, and again in the streets of the village renewed their wild mirth, piercing the ears and the hearts of those who heard them.

VIII.

It was now late in the summer. Mrs. Flint had been for some weeks confined to her bed with a wasting fever. I was sent for to see her, but was out in the country visiting a parishioner some miles from my home. I had seen her several times during her sickness, and was well convinced that her disease would have a fatal termination. As soon as I returned home and learned that I had been sent for, I hastened to the cottage; as I entered, a scene of strange and thrilling interest was before my eyes. The woman was dying; kneeling at her bedside were these two wild girls.

I soon learned the facts that had brought them there under such strange and exciting circumstances. They had been wandering, as usual, through the streets; and when the sound of their mirth broke in upon the hearing of the dying woman, she inquired what it was. Being told that Sarah and Mary Bell were carrying on as they were accustomed to, she started at the mention of their names, and begged that they might be called in. They came at the call, and without hesitation approached the bed on which their enemy and destroyer was now stretched, in hourly expectation of death.

"I DID IT!" said Mrs. Flint. "it is all my work; and here, as I am now about to leave this world and go into the presence of God, I would not go without clearing these girls of that great sin which I laid to their charge, but which God knows they are as innocent of as the angels in his presence. I did it—I DID IT; it was all my work."

The girls were evidently affected deeply by the sight before them, and the tones of her voice; and as she repeated again and again her asseverations of their innocence and her own guilt, they began to comprehend the nature of the scene that was transpiring. It pleased God to give them just at this hour, and doubtless through the influence of the communication which they were receiving, at least a temporary deliverance from the darkness and delirium in which they had so long been lost. He restored peace and a measure of strength to their minds, enabling them to receive and to understand the blessed truth, that evidence was coming, though from the verge of the grave, to deliver them from the wrongs they had suffered. They took her extended hands in their own; they knelt upon the floor by her side; they assured her, even in their wretchedness and their ruin, that they would forgive her; and they prayed Heaven to grant her forgiveness ere her soul should take its departure.

It was at this juncture that I entered the room. The moment Mrs. Flint caught my eye she renewed her protestations of the innocence of the girls, told me how for years she had carried the pangs of remorse in her own breast, how often she had desired to do them justice, and to seek peace for her own conscience; but her selfishness and her pride had always overcome her better resolutions, and she had witnessed, month after month, the dreadful fruits of her sin, and feared continually that the judgments of God would overtake her. Here, on her sick bed, and in view of death, when no other considerations than those which attended preparation for the grand event which was just before her were allowed to have any power upon her mind, she had been driven to this last and dying confession, which, while it would relieve her own mind of the burden under which she was sinking, would restore to those unhappy girls the priceless treasure of a character which they had lost; though she believed, as I did, that it was too late to hope that the restoration of their character would bring them back the treasure of reason, which there was too much cause to fear was irretrievably lost.

What could I add to this revelation, than which nothing could be more solemn or affecting? Here were all the accessories of a sublime, yet painful drama. The dying woman, with her sharp, haggard features, her piercing, agonized eyes, looking now at the girls, and now upward as if she would look into the other world, striving to read

the destiny upon which she was about to enter, now turning to me with imploring glance, and asking me to direct her, even in her extremity, to some way by which she might find forgiveness and peace, now seeking to reassure the helpless daughters of sorrow yet kneeling before her that God would be their father and their portion, saying that she could die with contentment if she could have some reason to believe that her death would be the means of giving back to them the life which they had lost.

In vain was it for me to offer a word of consolation. Indeed, there was none to be spoken. I directed her, as I would any lost sinner in the hour of calamity, to the only refuge, and besought her to seek in the Saviour the only source of peace.

When the girls arose from their knees, and were about to leave the house, she besought them to remain, and even required from them a promise that they would not leave her while she lived. With gentle kindness they began to perform the part of nurses around the sick-bed, and, with unaccustomed ministries, they soothed her sufferings, and gradually seemed to bring her to the enjoyment of something like peace of mind. But this was temporary. Soon the paroxysms of anguish came back with redoubled force; and in words too strong to be repeated, and such only as dying pains extort from consciences ill at ease anticipating greater anguish near at hand; fearful of the present, and more fearful still of that which is to come, she cried again and again, "It was I that did it—it was I that did it! it was all my work!" And so she died.

IX.

I took the girls home with me, and embraced this present lucid interval to make a grand experiment, in the faint hope of securing their permanent restoration. Nothing had occurred since their derangement which afforded so good ground to believe that there might be a basis laid for a permanent cure. They could be assured that all suspicions formerly resting upon their character were now removed, and they would enjoy the universal confidence and love of those who had been their friends, and their mother's friends, in the day of their prosperity and joy. I told them that my house was to be their home; I gave them their chamber; I gave them such light work as would occupy their minds, and in the cultivation of flowers in the garden, in the pursuit of such studies as they were always fond of, and in the society of kind and genial friends, I sought to surround them with those pleasant influences which would cheer and console, and gently aid in their perfect recovery.

Among the many friends who were in the habit of visiting at my house, was a City merchant of large means and extensive business. His wife had died a year after their marriage, and he had lived a single life for five or six years. It was not among the remotest of my suspicions that he should think of finding a second wife in my house, and in one of these unfortunate yet lovely young ladies.

But there is no accounting for tastes or sympathies. Mr. Whitfield was a man long accustomed to think for himself, and not given to asking the opinions of others till after his own mind was made up. Then it was too late to shake his resolution, whatever the force of the motives urged against it. He knew the story of the Bells, and that story had first awakened his sympathy, his pity, and prepared the way for love. When he broached the subject to me, I begged him to dismiss it at once and for ever from his mind. But he respectfully declined, telling me he had counted the cost, and was prepared for the risks.

Although there had been great improvement in the health and appearance of both Sarah and Mary since the death of Mrs. Flint, they were still liable to returns of the fearful malady; and Mr. Whitfield had his resolution put to the severest test, as soon as he ventured upon the experiment of making known his intentions to Sarah, the object of his choice. He had invited her to ride with him. They drove out of the village, passing the door of the house in which Mrs. Flint had died. Sarah had never entered it since that terrible hour when she and her poor sister closed the eyes of that wretched woman. The memories of that scene, and of all they had passed through in the years of their former struggles and trials, came rushing upon her mind, and she began to talk wildly, and then madly; and soon she became frantic, and strove to leap from the carriage, and would have done so but for the main force of her friend and companion, who trembled at the brink on which he was prepared.

Still he was not disheartened. He hastened back with his charge to my house, and told me of the excitement into which Sarah had been thrown, and the danger from which she had been rescued. He was deeply affected. He was in trouble. "And yet," said he, "in spite of all this, I believe that if she were once more in a home of her own, and surrounded with the duties and pleasures of the household, her mind would become settled, and she would be restored to the enjoyment of health and reason."

I assured him that, next to my own children, I desired their happiness before all others, but I could not advise him to take a step which might make him miserable, without adding to the enjoyment of her, who could not be a wife such as he desired, unless God should give her back the permanent possession of her once cultivated, and now disordered mind.

He returned in a week or two, with his purpose unchanged. He asked Sarah again to ride with him; and

this time she seemed to enjoy the world around her, and to enter into the spirit of nature as its beauties met her eyes. The birds were happy, and she spoke of their gladness as she saw and heard them. The fields seemed to clap their hands. Sarah was joyful in the midst of a world of joy. They approached a fall in the river some miles from our village. The deep roar of the waters as they approached was a solemn music that subdued and stilled her soul. They walked out upon the wide flat rocks through which the river makes its broken plunge, and instead of being terrified she gloried in the excitement of the scene. She spoke of the spray as a cloud of incense rising from these eternal altars, and ever praising Him who sits in the heavens, and listens to the music of all his works. They came to the edge of the precipice, and Mr. Whitfield pointed out to her the very spot where, a few months previously, a bride had fallen from the side of her husband, and had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. She looked down with steady nerves, and said that it was a fearful fall, and more fearful to him who remained when his bride was gone!

He led her cautiously, and by a winding path to the bottom of the ravine, whence they could look up to the brow of the black jagged rocks, from which the white waters were tumbling through the green fringes of stunted trees and bushes that clung to the sides of the clefts.

And here, in the roar of the fall, as she was rejoicing in the wonderful beauty of the scenes around her, he began his declaration.

"You are not serious, surely," she cried, in mingled fear and surprise, as he intimated that he desired her love, and would be only too happy to give her his fortune and his hand. "You do not know my story, or you could not dream of such a proposal."

"I know it all; it was that story which first led me to think of devoting my life to yours; and if you will cast in your lot with me, you shall find that I will be parent, brother, husband, all in one."

"It is altogether out of the question," she returned. "I do not love you; I do not know that I could love you. This thought of love is one that I have not known since those happy days before the clouds came. You did not know that I ever loved?"

"Yes, I have heard that one all unworthy of you once sought you, and that he fled when the day of your adversity came. I would come to you in the midst of your sorrow, and win you to a home of peace and joy. I have the means of surrounding you with all that you can desire, and my life shall be spent in making yours as happy as you ever dreamed of being."

"But you have not counted the cost; you know not what you are proposing; I am a poor, weak thing; and I have even been told that my sister and I are sometimes deranged. I do not know what it is, or why it is, but I have strange dreadful thoughts sometimes; and these have been more frequent and more terrible since the time when Mary and I were accused of a crime of which we were altogether innocent. You would not be so rash as to think of taking such a wild, thoughtless woman as I am to your home, even if I could assure you that the affection you promise could be returned in all its sincerity and strength."

Still he pressed his suit. In the honesty of his heart he felt he had now committed himself, and even if he had been staggered in his purpose by the serious objections she had so rationally raised, and urged with so much earnestness, he was bound to go forward. And never did the girl appear to him more lovely than when, with such delicate appreciation of his motives, and tempted as she must be by his proposals, she still resisted his appeals, and left him an open door to retreat. He renewed his entreaties.

"But there is my sister Mary, who was with me in our childhood, and the companion of all my sorrows—I will never, never leave her."

"And you shall not leave her. She will go with us to our own home, and be my sister as well as yours. Instead of losing a sister, she will find a brother."

Sarah was deeply affected. It seemed to her that God was in this thing, and that the dark clouds which had so long hung over her were now clearing away, and a new light was breaking upon her path. Yet she could not yield to the offers so pressed upon her till she had consulted her friends, and she finally promised to be governed by my advice in the matter. She was calm and cheerful as they came home together that evening. I should not have suspected that anything unusual had passed between them. But after the sisters had retired for the night, and I was left alone with Mr. Whitfield, he told me of the events of the day, and begged me to aid him in procuring Sarah's consent to their union. He knew well that I had already advised him against the proposal; but now he was more than ever infatuated with the conviction, that the restoration of the sisters to the calm pleasures of a house they might call their own, would be the means of getting them health and peace. To all prudential considerations he turned a deaf ear; and I was obliged to tell him that it was impossible for me to object, if he was willing to take the responsibility upon himself.

With a new and admiring sense of the ways of Divine Providence, I looked upon the change that was about to take place in the situation of these poor sisters, and said to myself seriously, as I thought over the ways by which they had been led, is there, indeed, anything too hard for the Lord? Who would have believed that such a door

of deliverance from poverty and suffering would be opened? Who would have thought that one of these orphans, a few months ago, wandering in the streets, and raving in the wildness of delirium, would now be sought after by a man of character and wealth, laying his fortune at her feet, and offering to share his house with her sister, so that both should be equally the recipients of blessings which Heaven is so kindly bestowing? Here was the promise of God most strikingly fulfilled: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will keep them alive;" "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." There had been many long and painful years, when it might be feared that these promises had been forgotten. So deep had been the extremity of their destitution, and so hopeless their condition, I had looked forward to their death as the first release they could have from sorrow. Such a termination was far more probable than that one of them should win the love of a noble-hearted man who would take her to himself, and surround her with the sweets of social and domestic life. But if all this is, indeed, in store for these orphan sisters, far be it from me to say a word, except to pray God to bless them both, and give them a respite from the miseries which have so long been their portion.

During the interval of three months that followed this eventful day, there was a daily and marked improvement in the sisters. The vivacity of childhood, without the levity of their wandering years, returned; they were themselves again. And when Sarah at length gave her consent, and stood up before me to be joined in marriage to the man who had thus nobly called her to be his own, I said to him, "I give you Sarah to be your wife, and Mary to be your sister." And he replied, "I will be faithful to both until death shall separate us."

If any part of this narrative has had the appearance of romance, much more like it is that which is now to be recorded. But if I have not already given the assurance, it may be well to say here, that I am following out the events of real life, and there are many now living who will read and attest, if needful, the truth of these strange facts.

Among the guests at the marriage of Sarah was a younger brother of her husband, his partner in business, and with the same bright prospects. He stood up by the side of his brother, and Sarah was supported by her sister. In less than a month from that time the order was changed, and the younger Whitfield and Mary stood side by side, and plighted their vows in the presence of God, and surrounded by a glad and admiring circle of friends, who could not conceal their grateful recognition of a merciful providence in the marriage of these two sisters under circumstances of such extraordinary interest. A short time afterward I saw them settled in their new homes. They lived in adjoining houses in one of the pleasantest streets of the city, where now the march of business has driven out the old settlers, desecrated the firesides hallowed by a thousand sacred associations, and converted the sanctuary of love into temples of Mammon.

X.

And here I would be willing to close this record, and leave my young friends in the bliss with which at length their lives are crowned.

"It is wonderful," Sarah said to me as I called to see her in her beautiful house. "It is wonderful! How strangely God has led us, and now we are as happy as we have ever been miserable in the years that are past! Do you believe that my dear mother knows what we have passed through, and what we are enjoying now?"

I told her I had often indulged the idea that the spirits of the departed were conversant with our spirits—that they are indeed ministering spirits to those whom they loved while in the flesh, and it was not impossible that her mother had followed her in all her eventful and mysterious history. Even now she may be near and rejoicing that peace and joy had at last visited the hearts of her daughters, and out of great tribulation they were already brought to happiness they had never dreamed of.

It was a short year after Mary's marriage when the birth of a child promised to fill the cup of her thanksgiving. Others rejoiced, and yet she did not seem to be happy in the prospect, nor, when it was laid in her arms, did she give it more than a melancholy smile of satisfaction. Instead of fondling it with the yearning tenderness of a young mother, she looked on it calmly, but with a fixedness of interest, that was more full of anxiety than affection. Days and weeks went by, and this moodiness increased. She was able now to sit up, and when the infant was lying on her knees or in the cradle by her side, she would sit by the hour and watch it steadily, without a word, but often sighing as if some great sorrow was in the future of her child's history, into which she was looking. Slowly but steadily and in the lapse of weeks and months, she sank into melancholy gloom. No art of medicine, no kind of devotion of a faithful husband, no sweet ministries of a large and loving circle of friends could raise her up, or dispel the cloud that gathered over her spirit. The child was removed from her sight, but it was all the same to her. She never asked for it, seemed never to think of it unless it was in her sight. Foreign travel was proposed, and Mr. Whitfield earnestly strove to prevail on her to go with him abroad. But to all such invitations she was indifferent. She must have been carried by force, or she would never have been taken from the room where in profound reverie she sat, day after day, without interest in the world around her, or even in those nearest to her fireside.

Sarah was not careless for her sister's state; but, alas! by that strange fatality which had hitherto followed them both, making them one in suffering as they were also one in the few joys that were theirs in life, she too began to show signs of returning madness! What was the secret principle thus linking their destinies? In childhood they had been as one in love and innocence. In youth they had been crushed together, and by the same blow. In womanhood they had both found loving hearts, fraternal hearts, that gave them a shelter, a home, and all the sympathies of a noble conjugal affection. And now, when the great struggle of life was past, and they were in the midst of joys that even in the dreams of childhood they had never thought of, the darkness is coming on again, and other hearts besides their own are to be shrouded in the approaching gloom.

Mary's child died in its first year. Mary did not shed a tear. It was no more to her than the child of a stranger. She was now silent and sullen. She never complained, but it was gradually apparent that disease was making progress. She took to her bed, and a slow fever wore out her life. She died three months after her child, and less than two years after her marriage.

Sarah's malady had a widely different development. Naturally more excitable than her sister, she had in former days been more wild and gay in the seasons of their derangement. Now she was wilder than ever. She became uncontrollable by the friends who surrounded her. There was no fit asylum in which she could be placed; the insane at that time were confined only among paupers or criminals, or in private madhouses under circumstances the most unfavourable to their recovery. Her faithful husband, as tender in his affections and devoted as when he first won her, sought to restrain her by gentle assiduity, striving to conceal from others, when he could no longer hide from his own mind, the terrible fact that she was mad. But her madness wore a humorous rather than a mischievous type for some months. She would enter the parlour while he was on his knees conducting the devotions of the household, and leap on his back as if in the exuberance of childish spirits, and frolic there, laughing while his heart was breaking. They put a strait-waistcoat upon her, but she would contrive to get it off and throw it through the window, and threaten to leap out herself if it was ever put on her again.

After long hesitation, and acting under the advice of the best physicians, Mr. Whitfield was at length prevailed upon to consent to her removal to an hospital. He obtained the most desirable apartment in one of the upper stories; and having furnished it with every appliance for her safety and comfort, he consigned her to the care of the medical men in the institution when it was no longer possible for him to keep her in any comfort at home. But he could not rest in his own house while the wife of his bosom, whom he so tenderly loved, was in a public hospital, alone and crazed. Night after night he walked the street in front of the building in which she was confined, looking up at the window in her narrow chamber, sometimes fancying that he saw her struggling to force her way through, and expecting to see her plunging headlong from that fearful height. By degrees her strength gave way; and when she was no longer able to be violent in her paroxysms of madness, he had the melancholy satisfaction of again taking her to his own home. Directly over his own bedchamber he had an apartment prepared for her, and thither she was conveyed, and watched by suitable attendants. When, by the silence of her chamber, he knew that she was asleep, he would often steal up from his own room, and sitting down in a large easy chair near the bed, he would look upon the wreck of his lovely bride, weeping over the change, and praying that even now, in her hopeless and helpless state, the power of God might be revealed for relief and restoration. The first sweet years of their union would then come to his memory, when something whispered to him of his rashness in linking to himself one whose mind was shattered, whatever might be her virtues and her charms; and he thanked God that it had been his privilege, even from that brief period, to make her a home, and fill her heart with peace and joy.

One night he was sitting there, and musing, perhaps somewhat encouraged by having been told that through the day she had been calmer, and at intervals apparently rational. Now she was sleeping, more sweetly than he had known her for many months. And as he leaned his head back in the chair, wearied with long and anxious waking, he fell asleep. When he awoke, his wife was sitting on his knees; her arms were around his neck. She pressed her lips to his, and said to him, "My dear, dear husband!" It was the first recognition of many long and awful months. He pressed her warmly, consolingly to his heart.

"Sing to me," she said; "sing to me one of those Sabbath evening songs."

"I cannot sing, dearest," he replied; "it is enough that you are mine again, and here, here on my breast, dearest, sweetest wife." Her head fell on his shoulder, and he poured into her ear the glowing words of his love.

"Oh, those months of wretchedness, when you could not know that I loved you, and longed to bless you, dearest, as I will, if God will spare you, as he has restored you to my arms. Kiss me again, sweet wife!"

She did not speak. "Kiss me, love!" Her head still rested on his shoulder. He raised her up to press his lips to hers. She was dead!

MY CONFESSION.

I HAD always been a passionate boy. They said I was almost a fiend at times. At others I was mild and loving. My father could not manage me at home; so I was sent to school. I was more flogged, both at home and at school, than any one I ever knew or heard of. It was incessant flogging. It was the best way they knew of to educate and correct me. I remember to this day how my father and my master used to say, "they would flog the devil out of me." This phrase was burnt at last into my very being. I bore it always consciously about with me. I heard it so often that a dim kind of notion came into my mind that I really was possessed by a devil, and that they were right to try and scourge it out of me. This was a very vague feeling at first. After events made it more definite.

Time went on in the old way. I was for ever doing wrong, and for ever under punishment—terrible punishment that left my body wounded, and hardened my heart into stone. I have bitten my tongue till it was black and swollen, that I might not say I repented of what I had done. Repentance then was synonymous with cowardice and shame. At last it grew into a savage pride of endurance. I gloried in my sufferings, for I knew that I came the conqueror out of them. The masters might flog me till I fainted; but they could not subdue me. My constancy was greater than their tortures, and my firmness superior to their will. Yes, they were forced to acknowledge it—I conquered them: the devil would not be scourged out of me at their bidding; but remained with me at mine.

When I look back to this time of my boyhood, I seem to look over a wide expanse of desert land swept through with fiery storms. Passions of every kind convulsed my mind; unrest and mental turmoil, strife and tumult, and suffering never ceasing; this is the picture of my youth whenever I turn it from the dark wall of the past. But it is foolish to recall this now. Even at my age, chastened and sobered as I am, it makes my heart bound with the old passionate throb again, when I remember the torture and the fever of my boyhood.

I had few school friends. The boys were afraid of me, very naturally, and shrank from any intimacy with one under such a potent ban as I. I resented this, and fought my way savagely against them. One only, Herbert Ferrars, was kind to me; he alone loved me, and he alone was loved in return. Loved, as you may well believe a boy of warm affections—such as I was, in spite of all my intemperance of passion, isolated from all and shunned by all—would love any one such as Herbert! He was the royal boy of the school; the noblest; the loved of all—masters and playmates alike; the chief of all; clever; like a young Apollo among the herdsmen; supreme in the grace and vigour of his dawning manhood. I never knew one so unselfish—so gifted and so striving, so loving and so just, so gentle and so strong.

We were friends—fast, firm friends. The other boys and the ushers, and the masters too, warned Herbert against me. They told him continually that I should do him no good, and might harm him in many ways. But he was faithful, and suffered no one to come between us. I had never been angry with Herbert. A word, or look, joining on the humour of the moment, would rouse me into a perfect fiend against any one else; but Herbert's voice and manner soothed me under every kind of excitement. In any paroxysm of rage—the very worst—I was gentle to him; and I had never known yet the fit of fury which had not yet yielded to his remonstrance. I had grown almost to look on him as my good angel against that devil whom the rod could not scourge out of me.

We were walking on the cliffs one day, Herbert and I, for we lived by the sea-side. And indeed I think that wild sea made me fiercer than I should else have been. The cliffs, where we were that day, were high and rugged; in some places going down sheer and smooth into the sea, in others jagged and rough; but always dangerous. Even the samphire-gatherers dreaded them. They were of a crumbling sandstone, that broke away under the hands and feet; for we had often climbed the practicable parts, and knew that great masses would crumble and break under our grasp, like mere gravel-heaps. Herbert and I stood for a short time close to the edge of the highest cliff; Haglin's Crag it was called; looking down at the sea, which was at high tide, and foaming wildly about the rocks. The wind was very strong, though the sky was almost cloudless; it roared round the cliffs, and lashed the waves into a surging foam, that beat furiously against the base, and brought down showers of earth and sand with each blow as it struck. The sight of all this life and fury of nature fevered my blood and excited my imagination to the highest. A strange desire seized me. I wanted to clamber down the face of the cliffs—to the very base—and dip myself in the white waves foaming round them. It was a wild fancy, but I could not conquer it, though I tried to do so; and I felt equal to its accomplishment.

"Herbert, I am going down the cliff," I said, throwing my cap on the ground.

"Nonsense, Paul!" said Herbert, laughing. He did not believe me; and thought I was only in jest.

When, however, he saw that I was serious, and that I did positively intend to attempt this danger, he opposed me in his old manner of gentleness and love, the manner which had hitherto subdued me like a magic spell. He told me that it was my certain death I was rushing into, and he asked me affectionately to desist.

I was annoyed at his opposition. For the first time his voice had no power over me; for the first time his entreaties fell dead on my ears. Scarcely hearing Herbert, scarcely seeing him, I leaned over the cliffs; the waves singing to me as with a human voice; when I was suddenly pulled back, Herbert saying to me angrily,

"Paul, are you mad? Do you think I will stand by and see you kill yourself?"

He tore me from the cliff. It was a strain like physical anguish when I could no longer see the waters. I turned against him savagely, and tried to shake off his hand. But he threw his arms round me, and held me firmly, and the feeling of constraint, of imprisonment, overcame my love. I could not bear personal restraint even from him. His young slight arms seemed like leaden chains about me; he changed to the hideousness of a jailer; his opposing love to the insolence of a tyrant. I called hoarsely to him to let me free; but he still clung round me. Again I called; again he withheld me; and then I struggled with him. My teeth were set fast—my hands clenched: the strength of a strong man was in me. I seized him by the waist as I would lift a young child, and hurled him from me. God help me! I did not see in what direction.

It was as if a shadow had fallen between me and the sun, so that I could see nothing in its natural light. There was no light and there was no colour. The sun was as bright overhead as before; the grass lay at my feet as gleaming as before; the waves flung up their sparkling showers; the wind tossed the branches full of leaves, like boughs of glittering gems, as it had tossed them ten minutes ago; but I saw them all indistinctly now, through the veil, the mist of this darkness. The shadow was upon me that has never left me since. Day and night it has followed me; day and night its chill lay on my heart. A voice sounded unceasingly within me, "Murder, and a lost soul, for ever and ever!"

I turned from the cliff resolutely, and went toward home. Not a limb failed me, not a moment's weakness was on me. I went home with the intention of denouncing myself as the murderer of my friend; and I was calm, because I felt that his death would then be avenged. I hoped for the most patent degradation possible to humanity. My only desire was to avenge the murder of my friend on myself, his murderer; and I walked along quickly that I might overtake the slow hours, and gain the moment of expiation.

I went straight to the master's room. He spoke to me harshly, and ordered me out of his sight; as he did whenever I came before him. I told him authoritatively to listen to me; I had something to say to him; and my manner, I suppose, struck him: for he turned round to me again, and told me to speak. What had I to say?

I began by stating briefly that Herbert had fallen down Haglin's Crag; and then I was about to add that it was I who had flung him down, though unintentionally—when—whether it was mere faintness, to this day I know not—I fell senseless to the earth. And for weeks I remained senseless with brain fever, from, it was believed, the terrible shock my system had undergone at seeing my dearest friend perish so miserably before my eyes. This belief softened men's hearts—and gave to me a place in their sympathy, never given to me before.

When I recovered, that dark shadow still clung silently to me; and whenever I attempted to speak the truth—and the secret always hung clogging on my tongue—the same scene was gone through as before; I was struck down by an invisible hand, and reduced perforce to silence. I knew then that I was shut out from expiation—as I had shut myself out from reparation in my terrible deed. Day and night, day and night! always haunted with a fierce thought of sin, and striving helplessly to express it.

I had come now to that time in my life when I must choose a profession. I resolved to become a physician from the feeling of making such reparation to humanity as I was able, for the life I had destroyed. I thought, if I could save life, if I could alleviate suffering, and bring blessing instead of affliction, that I might somewhat atone for my guilt. If not to the individual, yet to humanity at large. No one ever clung to a profession with more ardour than I undertook the study of medicine; for it seemed to me my only way of salvation, if indeed that were yet possible—a salvation to be worked out not only by chastisement and control of my passions, but by active good among my fellow-men.

I shall never forget the first patient I attended. It was a painful case, where there was much suffering: and to the relations—to that poor mother above all—bitter anguish. The child had been given over by the doctors; and I was called in as the last untried, from despair, not from hope; I ordered a new remedy; one that few would have the courage to prescribe. The effect was almost miraculous, and as the little one breathed freer, and that sweet soft sleep of healing crept over her, the thick darkness hanging round me lightened perceptibly. Had I solved the mystery of my future? By work and charity should I come out into the light again? and could deeds of reparation dispel that darkness which a mere objectless punishment—a mere mental repentance—could not touch?

This experience gave me renewed courage: I devoted myself more ardently to my profession, chiefly among the poor, and without remuneration. Had I ever accepted money, I believe that all my power would have gone. And as I saved more and more lives, and lightened more and more the heavy burden of human suffering, the dreadful shadow grew fainter.

I was called suddenly to a dying lady. No name was given me, neither was her station in life nor her condition told me. I hurried off without caring to ask questions, careful only to heal. When I reached the house, I was taken into a room where she lay in a fainting fit on the bed. Even before I ascertained her malady—with that almost second sight of a practised physician—her wonderful beauty struck me. Not merely because it was beauty, but because it was a face strangely familiar to me, though new: strangely speaking of a former love, although, in all my practice, I had never loved man or woman individually.

I roused the lady from her faintness; but not without much trouble. It was more like death than swooning, and yielded to my treatment stubbornly. I remained with her for many hours; but when I left her, she was better. I was obliged to leave her, to attend a poor workhouse child.

I had not been gone long—carrying with me that fair face lying in its deathlike trance, with all its golden hair scattered wide over the pillow, and the blue lids weighing down the eyes, as one carries the remembrance of a sweet song lately sung—carrying it, too, as a talisman against that dread shadow which somehow hung closer on me to-night; the darkness, too, deepening into its original blackness, and the chill lying heavily on my heart again—when a messenger hurried after me, telling me the lady was dying, and I was to go back immediately. I wanted no second bidding. In a moment, as it seemed to me, I was in her room again. It was dark.

The lady was dying now, paralysed from her feet upward. I saw the death-ring mount higher and higher; that faint, bluish ring with which death marries some of his brides. I bent every energy, every thought to the combat. I ordered remedies so strange to the ordinary rules of medicine, that it was with difficulty the chemist would prepare them. She opened her eyes full upon me, and the whole room was filled with the cry of "Murderer!" They thought the lady had spoken feverishly in her death-trance. I alone knew from whence that cry had come.

But I would not yield, and I never quailed, nor feared for the result. I knew the power I had to battle with, and I knew, too, the powers I wielded. They saved her. The blood circulated again through her veins, the faintness gradually dispersed, the smitten side flung off its paralysis, and the blue ring faded wholly from her limbs.

The lady recovered under my care. And care, such as mothers lavish on their children, I poured like life-blood on her. I knew that her pulses beat at my bidding; I knew that I had given her back her life, which else had been forfeit, and that I was her preserver. I almost worshipped her. It was the worship of my whole being—the tide into which the pent-up sentiment of my long years of unloving philanthropy poured like a boundless flood. It was my life that I gave her—my destiny that I saw in her, my deliverer from the curse of sin, as I had been hers from the power of death. I asked no more than to be near her, to see her, to hear her voice, to breathe the same air with her, to guard and protect her. I never asked myself whether I loved as other men or not; I never dreamed of her loving me again. I did not even know her name or her condition; she was simply "the lady" to me—the one and only woman of my world. I never cared to analyse more than this. My love was part of my innermost being, and I could as soon have imagined the earth without its sun as my life without the lady. Was this love such as other men feel? I know not. I only know there were no hopes such as other men have. I did not question my own heart of the future: I only knew of love—I did not ask for happiness.

One day I went to see her as usual. She was well now; but I still kept up my old habit of visiting her for her health. I sat by her for a long time this day, wondering, as I often wondered, who it was that she resembled, and where I had met her before, and how; for I was certain that I had seen her some time in the past. She was lying back in an easy-chair—how well I remember it all!—enveloped in a cloud of white drapery. A sofa-table was drawn along the side of her chair, with one drawer partly open. Without any intention of looking, I saw that it was filled with letters, in two different handwritings, and that two miniature cases were lying among them. An open letter, in which lay a tress of sun-bright hair, was on her knee. It was written in a hand that made me start and quiver. I knew the writing, though at the moment I could not recognize the writer.

Strongly agitated, I took the letter in my hand. The hair fell across my fingers. The darkness gathered close and heavy, and there burst from me the self-accusing cry of "Murderer!"

"No not murdered," said the lady sorrowfully. "He was killed by accident. This letter is from him—my dear twin-brother Herbert—written the very day of his death. But what can outweigh the blessedness of death while we are innocent of sin!"

As she spoke, from some strange fancy she drew the gauzy drapery round her head. It fell about her soft and white as foam. I knew now where I had seen her before, lying as now with her sweet face turned upward to the sky; looking, as now, so full of purity and love: calling me then to innocence as now to reconciliation. Her angel in her likeness had once spoken to me through the waves, as Herbert's spirit now spoke to me in her.

"This is his portrait," she continued, opening one of the cases.

The darkness gathered closer and closer. But I fought it off bravely, and, kneeling humbly, for the first time I was able to make my confession. I told her all. My love for Herbert, but my fierce fury of temper; my sin, but also how unintentional; my atonement. And then, in the depth of my agony, I turned to implore her to forgive me.

"I do," she said, weeping. "It was a grievous crime—grievous, deadly—but you have expiated it. You have repented indeed by self-subjugation, and by unwearyed labours of mercy and good among your fellow-men. I do forgive you, my friend, as Herbert's spirit would forgive you. And" in a gayer tone, "my beloved husband, who will return to me to-day, will bless you too for preserving his wife, as I bless you for preserving me to him."

The darkness fell from me as she kissed my hand. Yet it still shades my life; but as a warning, not as a curse—a mournful past, not a destroying present. Charity and active good among our fellow-men can destroy the power of sin within us; and repentance in deeds—not in tears, but in the life-long efforts of a resolute man—can lighten the blackness of a crime, and remove the curse of punishment from us. Work and love: by these may we win our pardon, and by these stand out again in the light.

MODESTE MIGNON.

CHAPTER X.

ERNEST remained at the door throughout the mass without having perceived among the women any one that realized his hopes. Modeste, on her part, was unable to conquer her emotion until towards the close of the service. She experienced a delight which she alone could depict. At last she heard the step of a gentlemanly man on the flag-stones, for the mass was over. Ernest made his way round the church, in which only the *dilettanti* of devotion now remained, who became the object of his close and searching scrutiny. He remarked the excessive trembling of the prayer-book in the hands of the veiled person as he went round; and as she was the only one who concealed her countenance, he conceived suspicions, which were strengthened by the style of Modeste's attire, studied with the care of an inquisitive lover. He went out as Madame Latournelle quitted the church, and followed her at a discreet distance, until he saw her enter, with Modeste, her house in the Rue Royale, where, according to her custom, Mademoiselle Mignon awaited the hour of vespers. After a close scrutiny of the house, with its ancient stone escutcheons, Ernest inquired the name of the notary of a passer-by, who designated him, almost proudly, Monsieur Latournelle, the first notary of Havre. As he strolled along the street with the hope of catching a glimpse of the inside of the house, Modeste perceived her lover. Thereupon she announced herself to be too unwell to attend vespers, and Madame Mignon stayed to keep her company. Thus was the trouble of poor Ernest's cruise entirely thrown away. He durst not saunter up to Ingouville, for he made it a point of honour to obey, and so returned to Paris, after having written, while awaiting the coach, a letter which Françoise Cochet would receive on the morrow, bearing the Havre stamp.

Every Sunday Monsieur and Madame Latournelle dined at the Chalet, whither they re-conducted Modeste after vespers. Thus, as soon as the young invalid found herself better, they returned to Ingouville, accompanied by Butscha. The happy Modeste then made a charming toilette: when she came down to dinner, she forgot her disguise, her pretended cold, and hummed—

"Rien ne dort plus, mon cœur! la violette
Élève à Dieu l'encens de son réveil."^{*}

Butscha felt a slight shiver pass through him at the aspect of Modeste, so greatly changed did she appear to him; for the wings of love had grown out, as it were, from her shoulders; she was sylph-like in her manner, and her cheeks were tinged with a heavenly glow of pleasure.

"Who is the author of those words which you have set to such pretty music?" asked Madame Mignon.

"Canalis; mamma," she replied, becoming instantly suffused with a rich crimson from her neck to her forehead.

"Canalis!" exclaimed the dwarf, who learnt from Modeste's accent and her blush the only part of her secret of which he was hitherto ignorant. "He, the great poet, make romances?"

"It is only some simple stanzas," said she, "to which I have ventured to adapt reminiscences of German airs."

"No, no," replied Madame Mignon; "that music is your own, my child!"

Modeste, feeling the crimson colour mounting higher in her face every moment, withdrew, taking Butscha with her, into the little garden.

"You can render me a great service," she said in a low tone. "Dumay is very reserved with me and my mother respecting the fortune which my father brings back: I wish to know the truth concerning it. Did not Dumay at one time send more than five hundred thousand francs to my father? My father is not the man to absent himself for four years merely to double his capital. Now he returns in his own ship, and the share he makes over to Dumay amounts to nearly six hundred thousand francs."

^{*} "Nought sleeps, my heart! the violet brings
To God the incense of her waking."

"It is not worth while to question Dumay," said Butscha. "Your father lost, as you are aware, four millions before he went away, and he has no doubt regained them. He would have to give to Dumay ten per cent. of his profits, and, from the fortune which the worthy Breton acknowledges possessing, my master and myself suppose that the colonel's wealth must amount to something like six or seven millions."

"O my father!" exclaimed Modeste, folding her arms upon her breast, and lifting her eyes towards heaven, "you have twice given me life!"

"Ah, mademoiselle," said Butscha, "you love a poet? That species of man is always more or less of a Narcissus! Will he be capable of loving you as you should be loved? An artist in phrases, occupied in adjusting words, is very tiresome. A poet is no more identical with poetry than the seed with the blossom."

"Butscha, I never saw such a beautiful man!"

"Beauty, mademoiselle, is a veil which always serves to hide numerous imperfections."

"He has the most angelic heart in the world!"

"God grant that you may be right!" said the dwarf, clasping his hands, "and may you be happy! This man will have, as you have, a servant in Jean Butscha. I will no longer be a notary then; I shall devote myself to study—to the sciences..."

"And why?"

"Why, mademoiselle! In order to educate your children, if you deign to allow me to be their preceptor. Ah! if you would accept my advice! Look you, leave this matter to me. I will find the means to penetrate this man's life and manners—to discover whether he is good—whether he is passionate or gentle—whether he entertains that respect for you which you deserve—whether he is capable of absolute love, by preferring you to all others, even to his talent..."

"And what does that matter, if I love him?" said she naïvely.

"Well! that is true," exclaimed the hunchback.

At this moment Madame Mignon was saying to her friends—"My daughter has seen this morning the man that she loves!"

"It must have been, then, that sulphur-coloured waistcoat that puzzled you so, Latournelle," exclaimed the notary's wife. "That young man had a pretty little white rose in his button-hole..."

"Ah!" said the mother, "the token of recognition!"

"He wore the badge of an officer of the Legion of Honour," resumed the legal lady. "He was a charming man! But we are deceiving ourselves: Modeste never raised her veil, was wrapped up like some fright of a poor old woman, and..."

"Then," said the notary, "she declared herself ill; but she has thrown aside her wrappings, and seems wonderfully well."

"It is incomprehensible!" exclaimed Dumay.

"Alas! it is now as clear as day," said the notary.

"My child," said Madame Mignon to Modeste, as she came in again, followed by Butscha, "didn't you see at church to-day a well-dressed, gentlemanly young man, who wore a white rose in his button-hole, and bore the badge of the Legion of Honour?"

"Oh, I saw him!" said Butscha quickly, perceiving in every one's fixed attention the trap into which Modeste might fall." It was Grindot, the famous architect, with whom the town is negotiating for the restoration of the church. He has come from Paris; I saw him examining the exterior this morning when I started for Sainte-Adresse."

"Ah! was it an architect? I was puzzled what to make of him," said Modeste, to whom the dwarf had thus afforded time to recover herself.

Dumay scrutinized Butscha with a side look. Modeste, now on her guard, assumed an impenetrable air. Dumay's distrust was excited to the highest pitch, and he resolved to call at the mayor's office on the morrow, to learn whether the expected architect had really appeared in Havre.

For his part, Butscha, anxious respecting Modeste's future, determined to go to Paris to act the spy upon Canalis.

Gobenheim prepared to play whist, and repressed by his presence all the sentiments in fermentation. Modeste awaited with a kind of impatience her mother's bed-time; she wished to write, and she never wrote but at night. Here is the letter dictated to her by love when she thought everybody fast asleep:—

"To MONSIEUR DE CANALIS.

"Ah, my well-beloved friend! What atrocious falsehoods are your portraits exposed in the windows of the picture-shops! And I was in ecstasies over that horrible lithograph. I feel ashamed to love so handsome a man. No; I could not imagine that the Parisian ladies should be so stupid as not behold in you the fulfilment of their dreams. You forlorn! you loveless! I no longer believe a word of what you have written to me concerning your obscure and toilsome life—your devotion to an idol vainly sought until now. You have been too much loved, monsieur; your brow, pale and mild as the blossom of a magnolia, proclaims that sufficiently."

"What am I now? Ah! why have you breathed this life into me? In a moment I felt as if my cumbersome shell had fallen off! My soul broke the crystal that held it captive; it circulated in my veins! In short, the cold silence of things suddenly ceased for me. Everything in nature spoke to me. The old church to me appeared luminous; its arches, brilliant with gold and azure like

those of an Italian cathedral, scintillated above my head. The melodious notes which the angels chant to martyrs, and which make them forget their sufferings, accompanied the organ! The tiresome streets of Havre seemed like flowery paths. I recognised in the sea an old friend, whose language, full of sympathy for me, I was not quite able to understand. I saw clearly that the roses of my garden and conservatory had long adored me, and were softly whispering to me to love: they all smiled upon me on my return from church, and I heard your name, Melchior, murmured by the blossoms—I read it written upon the clouds! Yes, I am called into life, thanks to you—a finer poet than that formal-looking Lord Byron, whose face was as gloomy as his own cloudy climate. Wedded by a single glance from the Orient eyes, which pierced through my black veil, my soul became a part of thine, and the new guest of my bosom set me in a glow from head to foot. Ah! the life which we receive from our mother is not equal to this. A blow that thou mightest receive would affect me at the same moment, and my existence is no longer explained but by thy thought. I know now the use of the divine harmony of music—it was invented by the angels to express love.

"To have genius and to be handsome, my Melchior, is too much. A man should be compelled to take his choice of these endowments at his birth. But when I think of the treasures of tenderness and affection that you have awakened in me this month ago, I ask myself if I am dreaming. You are a mystery to me! What woman would give you up without dying? Ah! jealousy has entered into my heart with a love of which I had not dreamt. Could I have imagined such an incendiary? What an inconceivable and novel fantasy! I would thou wert ugly, now! How many follies did I perpetrate on reaching home! All the yellow dahlias recalled your pretty vest to me; all the white roses were my friends, and I saluted them with a glance that belonged to you, as I do now entirely. The colour of the gloves that assumed an elegant shape from the gentlemanly hand—all, even to the sound of your footstep upon the pavement, is reproduced in memory with such fidelity that for sixty years I should be able to recall the most trifling circumstances of this festival day, such as the particular hue of the air, or the sunbeams playing upon a column. I shall hear the prayer that you interrupted; I shall breathe the incense of the altar, and I shall fancy I see above our heads the hands of the priest who blest us both at the moment when you passed, in giving his last benediction! The good Abbé Marcellin has already married us! The superhuman pleasure of experiencing this new world of unexpected emotions can only be equalled by the joy I feel in relating them to you—in sending back all my happiness to him who has shed it into my heart with the bounty of a sun. Therefore no more veils, by beloved! Return to me—oh, return quickly! I unmask myself with pleasure.

"You must, no doubt, have heard speak of the house of Mignon at Havre? Well, through the effect of an irreparable misfortune, I am the sole heiress of the family. Do not think lightly of us, for we are descended from a gallant knight of Auvergne. The arms of the Mignons of La Bastie will not dishonour those of the Canalis family. We bear gules, with a bend sable charged with four bezants or, at each quarter a patriarchal cross or, surmounted by a cardinal's hat, and supported by floochi. My friend, I shall be faithful to our device—*Una fides, unus Dominus!* The true faith, and a single master!

"Perhaps, my friend, you will be inclined to sarcasm respecting my name, after all I have been doing and that I have here avowed to you. I am named Modeste. Therefore I have never deceived you in subscribing myself O. d'Este M. Neither have I misled you in speaking of my fortune; it will, I believe, reach the amount which rendered you so virtuous. I know so well that with you fortune is an unimportant consideration, that I speak to you of it frankly. Nevertheless, let me tell you how glad I am to be able to give to our happiness the liberty of thought and action which wealth provides—to be enabled to say, 'Let us go!' When we are seized with a fancy for foreign travel—to speed along in a fine carriage, seated side by side, without anxiety respecting money—glad, in short, that I can give you the right to say to the king, 'I have the wealth which you require in peers!' In this Modeste Mignon will be of some service to you, and her gold will be applied to the noblest purpose. As for your servant, you have seen her once, at her window, in disabille. Yes, 'the fair daughter of Eve the fair' was your unknown; but how little the Modeste of to-day resembles the Modeste of that day. The latter was in a shroud; the former has received, as I have told you already, the life of life. Love, pure and legitimate—love that my father, at last returned wealthy from his voyage, will authorize—has lifted me up with his hand, at the same instant and powerful, from the depth of the tomb in which I slept.

"You have awakened me as the sun awakes the flowers. The look of your beloved is no longer the look of that little pert Modeste! Oh, no! it has had a glimpse of happiness, and veils itself beneath chaste eyelids. To-day I am afraid that I am not worthy of my fate! The king has shown himself in his glory; my sovereign has now only a subject, who solicits pardon for her great liberties, like the player with false dice after having cheated the Chevalier de Grammont. Dear poet, I shall be thy Mignon; but a happier Mignon than she of Goethe, for thou wilt not exile me from my native country—thy heart—wilt thou? At the moment while

I am penning this vow of betrothal, a nightingale in Vilquin's park is answering for thee. Oh, tell me quickly that the nightingale, in trilling his pure, sweet, full note, which has filled my heart with joy and love like an Annunciation, has not spoken falsely!

"My father will pass through Paris; he is coming from Marseilles. The firm of Mongenod, with which he has been in correspondence, will know his address. Go and see him, my beloved Melchior: tell him that you love me, and don't attempt to express to him how much I love you. Let that for ever be a secret between God and us! On my part, my adored one, I am about to confess all to my mother. The daughter of the Wallenrod-Tustall-Bartenstiida will set me in the right with her caresses; she will enjoy our poem, so secret, so romantic, so human and at the same time divine! You have the avowal of the daughter; win the consent of the Count of La Bastie, the father of your

"MODEST."

"P.S.—Above all, come not to Havre without obtaining my father's permission, and, if you love me, you will contrive to discover him as he passes through Paris."

CHAPTER XI.

"WHAT are you doing at this hour, Mademoiselle Modeste?" asked Dumay.

"I am writing to my father," she replied to the old soldier: "didn't you tell me you should start tomorrow?"

Dumay had no answer to make; he retired to his chamber, while Modeste began writing a long letter to her father.

On the morrow, Françoise Cochet, quite frightened on seeing the Havre stamp, came to the Chalet to deliver to her young mistress the following letter, and take away that which Modeste had written:—

"To MADAME O. D'ESTE M.

"My heart told me that you were the woman so carefully veiled and disguised, placed between Monsieur and Madame Latournelle, who have but one child, a son. Ah! dearly-loved one, if you are in a humble position, without grandeur, without high birth, without fortune even, you know not what my joy will be! You ought to know me now: why did you not tell me the truth? I am no poet but by love, by the heart, by you. Oh, how powerful must my affection be to enable me to remain here, in this Norman hotel, instead of coming up to Ingouville, which I can see from my windows! Will you love me as I love you? To depart from Havre for Paris in this uncertainty, is not that being punished for loving, as severely as if I had committed a crime? I have obeyed blindly. Oh, let me have a letter speedily! for if you have been mysterious, I have returned you mystery for mystery, and I ought at last to throw off the mask, to inform you how little I am of a poet, and to abdicate my borrowed glory."

This letter disturbed Modeste exceedingly. She could not recall her own, which Françoise had already posted by the time her mistress was seeking the signification of the last few lines by re-perusing them; but she went up to her chamber, and wrote a reply, in which she demanded an explanation.

During these little events others as trifling were happening in Havre, which were soon to make Modeste forget her present cause of anxiety. Dumay, going down early into the town, learned at once that no architect had arrived on the previous day. Furious at the falsehood of Butscha, he hurried from the mayor's office to Latournelle's.

"But where is that Master Butscha of yours?" he inquired of his friend the notary, as he missed the clerk from his desk.

"Butscha, my friend, is on his road to Paris by steamer. He met in the harbour this morning, very early, a sailor who told him that his father, the Swedish sailor, is rich. Butscha's father, he said, had gone to the Indies, got into the service of some prince—Mahratta or something—and he's in Paris..."

"A pack of stuff! Lie every word of it! Oh, I'll find this confounded hunchback out! I'm off to Paris express for that," cried Dumay. "Butscha is deceiving us! he knows something about Modeste, and has told us nothing. If I find him mixed up with that—well, he shall never be a notary: I'll send him to his mother, to his native mud! I'll twist his..."

"Stop, stop, my friend! Never hang a person without fair trial!" interposed Latournelle, frightened by Dumay's exasperation.

After having explained upon what his suspicions were founded, Dumay begged Madame Latournelle to look after Modeste at the Chalet during his absence.

"You will find the colonel in Paris," said the notary. "Among the shipping news this morning, in the *Journal du Commerce*, I saw under the head of Marseilles—look, here is the passage!" he added, taking up the paper: "'The *Bettina Mignon*, captain Mignon, arrived on the 6th of October,' and here we are at the 17th. Havre knows of your chief's arrival by now, and..."

Dumay, begging Latournelle to excuse him, hurried back to the Chalet, and arrived just as Modeste had sealed the letter to her father and that to Canal. Except the address, these two letters were precisely similar, in shape and thickness. Modeste thought she had placed that directed to her father upon that to her Melchior, but she had done just the converse. This error, so common in the small affairs of life, led to the discovery of her secret by her mother and Dumay. The

lieutenant was speaking warmly to Madame Mignon in the parlour, confiding to her the dreaded intelligence which he had derived from the duplicity of Modeste and Butscha's complicity with her.

"I tell you, madame," he exclaimed, "it is a serpent that we have been warming in our bosom! There is no room for a soul in those fag-ends of humanity!"

Modeste placed the letter addressed to her father in her apron-pocket, under the impression that she was putting there the one destined for her lover, and came down with that for Canalis in her hand, as she heard Dumay speak of his immediate departure for Paris.

"What have you to say against my mysterious dwarf, and what are you talking so loudly about?" she said, as she appeared at the door of the parlour.

"Butscha, mademoiselle, has started for Paris this morning, and no doubt you know what for! I suppose he has gone to manage matters with that little pretended architect, with the sulphur-coloured vest: but, woe be to the hunchback for the falsehood, he has not arrived yet!"

Modeste was confounded. She conjectured that the dwarf had departed on an investigation into the morals of Canalis. She turned pale, and sat down.

"I'll follow him—I'll find him out!" said Dumay. "I presume that is the letter for your father?" he added, holding out his hand. "I shall find him at Mongenod's, provided we do not pass each other on the way."

Modeste gave him the letter. Little Dumay, who read without spectacles, glanced mechanically at the address.

"Monsieur le Baron de Canalis, Rue de Paradis-Poissonnière, No. 29!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "What on earth does this mean?"

"Ah, my daughter! that is the man you love!" exclaimed Madame Mignon. "The stanzas you set to music were his..."

"And that is his portrait, I suppose, that you have up there framed?" said Dumay.

"Give me back that letter, Monsieur Dumay!" said Modeste, with the fierceness of a lioness defending her young.

"There it is, mademoiselle," replied the lieutenant.

Modeste placed the letter in her bosom, and handed to Dumay the one intended for her father.

"I know what you are capable of, Dumay," said she; "but if you take a step against Monsieur Canalis, I shall take one out of this house, and never return to it!"

"You are killing your mother, mademoiselle," said Dumay, going out, and calling his wife.

The poor mother had fainted, touched to the heart by Modeste's fatal speech.

"Good bye, wife!" said the Breton, embracing the little American lady: "save the mother; I am going to save the daughter if I can."

Leaving Modeste and Madame Dumay to attend to Madame Mignon, he made his preparations for the journey in a few moments, and hastened down to Havre. An hour afterwards he was travelling by post with that rapidity which only passion or speculation can impart to wheels.

Presently, recalled to life by the attentions of Modeste, Madame Mignon retired to her chamber supported by her daughter, to whom, for all reproach, she said when they were alone, "Unhappy child, what have you done? Why conceal this from me? am I, then, so severe?"

"Oh, I was going to tell you all frankly!" replied the maiden, weeping.

She related all to her mother; she read to her the letters and the replies; she picked to pieces, and cast, petal by petal, into the heart of the good German the rose of her poem. Half the day was consumed in this revelation. When the confession was ended, and she perceived almost a smile on the lips of the too indulgent blind woman, she threw herself into her arms, all in tears.

"O mother!" she said amid her sobs, "you, whose heart, all gold and poesy, is as a chosen vessel moulded by God to contain love pure, unique, and heavenly, which fills up the whole of life!—you, whom I would imitate by loving none in the world but my husband!—you will understand how bitter are the tears I now shed, and which moisten your hands. This butterfly with variegated wings—this spirit reared with maternal care by your daughter—my love, my sacred love, that animated, living mystery, has fallen into vulgar hands! They are going to tear its wings and soil its down, under the vulgar pretext of putting me on my guard—of learning whether my Melchior has a good income; whether he has ever engaged in intrigues; whether he is culpable in the eyes of worldly men for some episode of his youth, which is now to our love as the cloud that yesterday obscured the sun! Oh, what are they going to do? Feel my hand, mother—I am burning with fever! They are killing me!"

Modeste, seized with a deadly shiver, was compelled to lie down on the bed, and occasioned the liveliest concern to her mother, Madame Latournelle, and Madame Dumay, who attended her during the lieutenant's journey to Paris, whither the logic of events transports our Drama for a while.

Truly modest people, like Ernest de La Brière, and especially those who, knowing their own worth, are neither loved nor appreciated, will comprehend the inexpressible delight in which the referendary revelled as he read Modeste's letter. After esteeming him intellectual and great by his mental qualities, his young, frank, but subtle mistress considered him handsome. This flattery is supreme flattery. And why? Beauty is doubtless the signature of the Master upon the work into which he has infused his spirit; it is divinity made manifest; and to behold it where it does not exist—to create it with infatuated eyes—is not this the ultimate phase of

love? Thus the poor referendary exclaimed, with the delight of an applauded author, "At last I am loved!"

When a woman, virtuous or not, has once uttered the phrase—"You are such a handsome man!" though it be a falsehood—if a man opens his ears to receive the subtle poison of that sentence, he is bound by everlasting chains to that charmer, whether she speak truly, falsely, or simply from infatuation: she becomes his world then; he thirsts for a repetition of the flattery, and never tires of it, be he even a prince! Ernest paced his room proudly; he contemplated himself at three-quarter face, in profile, and at full face before the glass; he essayed to criticise himself; but the voice of a persuasive tempter whispered to him, "Modeste is right!" And he returned to the letter; he read it over again; he beheld his heavenly blond, and conversed with her! Then, in the middle of his ecstasy, he was struck with this torturing thought—"She believes me to be Canalis, and she is a millionaire!" All his high spirits fell at once, as a man falls who, walking in his sleep on a house-top, is startled by a sudden exclamation, and tumbles to the pavement with a crash. "Without the halo of fame, I should be ugly," he muttered: "What a terrible plight I have got into!"

La Brière was too much the man of his own letters,—he had too much of the pure and noble heart they evinced, to hesitate at the call of honour. He resolved to go immediately, and confess all to Modeste's father, if he was in Paris, and to acquaint Canalis with the serious result of their Parisian pleasure. To a young man of his delicacy, the greatness of the fortune in question was a decisive motive. Above all things, he would not let it be suspected that the entanglements of this correspondence, so sincere on his side, had been devised to secure the dower of a bride. The tears came into his eyes as he started from home along the Rue Chantereine, to call upon Mongenod, the banker, whose fortune, alliances, and connection were in part created by the minister who was his own protector.

At the moment while La Brière was consulting with the chief of the Mongenod firm, and extracting from him all the information which his peculiar position necessitated, a scene was enacting at the residence of Canalis which might have been foreseen from the abrupt departure of the lieutenant.

Like a true soldier of the Imperial school, Dumay, whose blood had been at boiling point during the journey, represented to himself a poet as a fellow of no consequence—a dog of a versifier, housed in a garret, clad in a black suit white at all the seams—whose linen is anonymous, and whose fingers have a better acquaintance with ink than with soap—presenting, in short, the appearance of having tumbled from the moon, when not seated at his scribbling in the posture of a Butscha. But the ebullition that bubbled in his brain and heart received, as it were, a cold-water application when he passed the entrance of the mansion inhabited by the poet—when he beheld a servant washing a carriage in the court-yard—when he perceived in a magnificent dining-room a valet attired like a banker, to whom a footman had referred him, and who informed him as he took in his appearance with a supercilious glance, that Monsieur le Baron was not to be seen. "Monsieur le Baron," he concluded, "is preparing to attend the council of state to-day."

"Am I really, then?" said Dumay, "at the residence of Monsieur Canalis, who writes poems?"

"Monsieur le Baron de Canalis," replied the valet de chambre, "is really the great poet you speak of; but he is also *maitre des requêtes* at the council of state, and attached to the ministry of foreign affairs."

Dumay, who had come with the intention of snubbing a poverty-stricken poet, was confounded at finding himself about to be introduced to a high functionary of the state. The room in which he was waiting, remarkable for its magnificence, offered to his contemplation the cross of the Legion of Honour gleaming upon Canalis's black coat which the valet had thrown across a chair-back. Presently his eyes were attracted by the lustre and beauty of a silver-gilt cup, upon which the words, "*Donné par MADAME*," struck him. Then, as a kind of pendant to this, his glance fell upon a vase of Sèvres porcelain, bearing the inscription, "*Donné par Madame la DAUPHINE*." These mute admonitions brought Dumay to his senses whilst the valet was inquiring of his master whether he would receive a stranger named Dumay, who had come from Havre expressly to see him.

"What sort of a person is it?" said Canalis.

"A gentlemanly man with military decorations." Upon a sign of assent, the valet left the room, and returning in a few moments, announced, "Monsieur Dumay!"

When he heard himself announced—when he was in the presence of Canalis, within a study as rich as it was elegant, with his feet on a carpet as fine as he had ever seen in the villa of the Mignons, and was met by the cool well-bred stare of the poet, who was playing with the tassels of his sumptuous dressing-gown, Dumay was so completely confused that he allowed himself to be questioned by the great man:—

"To what do I owe the honour of your visit, monsieur?"

"Monsieur..." said Dumay, who remained standing.

"If you wish to speak with me at any length," interrupted Canalis, "I beg you will be seated."

And Canalis plunged himself into his easy-chair after the manner of Voltaire, crossed his legs, clasping his hands over the upper one, which was raised to a level with his eyes, and looked fixedly at Dumay, who me-

chanically assumed the attitude of a soldier in the presence of his officer.

"I am listening to you, monsieur," said the poet: "my moments are precious; the minister awaits me..."

"Monsieur," resumed Dumay, "I will be brief. You have seduced, I know not how, the affections of a young lady of Havre, beautiful and rich, the sole hope of two noble families, and I come to demand what your intentions are."

Canalis, who for three months had been much engaged in grave affairs, wishing to be appointed a commander of the Legion of Honour and minister at one of the German courts, had completely forgotten the letter from Havre.

"I?" he exclaimed.

"You!" repeated Dumay.

"Monsieur," replied Canalis smiling, "I know no more of what you mean than if you were talking Hebrew to me. I, seduce a young girl's affections!—I, who... and Canalis finished his sentence by a haughty smile. "Hark ye, monsieur! I am not such a child as to amuse myself in stealing your little wild fruit, when I have fair and excellent fruit-gardens at my disposal, in which grow and ripen the finest peaches in the world. All Paris knows on whom my affections are bestowed. That there should be at Havre a young girl inspired with a certain admiration, unmerited by me, for the verses I have made, would not astonish me, my dear sir. It is a matter of common occurrence. Look here! you perceive this pretty ebony coffer, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and bound with lace-like iron-work. This coffer belonged to Pope Leo X.: it was presented to me by the Duchess of Chaulieu, who received it from the King of Spain. I have devoted it to the reception of letters, which I receive from all parts of Europe, from unknown women or girls. Oh, I have the deepest regard for these bouquets of flowers, plucked from the soul itself, and sent to me in a moment of enthusiasm worthy of respect. Yes, for me the glow of a heart is a noble and sublime thing! Others, your sarcastic people, twist up these letters for cigar-lights, or give them to their wives for curl-papers: but for myself, I am a boy in feeling, monsieur; I have too much delicacy not to preserve these offerings, so frank and disinterested, in a kind of ark. In short, I receive them with a sort of veneration; and at my death I shall have them burnt before my eyes. I don't care who may think me ridiculous; I possess gratitude, and these testimonies aid me in supporting criticism and the tiresomeness of a literary life. When I receive in my back the shot of an enemy ambushed in a journal, I look at this box, and I say to myself, 'There are, here and there, a few souls whose wounds have been cured, alleviated, or stanch'd by me!'"

This bit of poetry, delivered with the talent of a great actor, petrified the little cashier, whose eyes distended themselves, and whose astonishment amused the great poet.

"For your sake," said this peacock who was showing off his tail, "and out of regard for a position that I appreciate, I offer to open this treasure, and you are welcome to search it for your young lady; but I can assure you your trouble will be thrown away: I have a good memory for names, and you are labouring under an error that..."

"And that's what becomes of a poor child in this great whirlpool called Paris!" exclaimed Dumay—"the beloved of her parents, the joy of her friends, the hope of all, caressed by all, the pride of a family, for whom six devoted persons make a rampart of their hearts and fortunes against all misfortune!" Dumay resumed, after a pause, "Look you, monsieur; you are a great poet, and I am only a poor soldier. During fifteen years that I served my country, and in the lowest ranks, I have felt the wind of more than one bullet in my face; I have traversed Siberia, where I was detained prisoner; the Russians have thrown me on a *kibit* like a thing—such have been my sufferings, and I have beheld my comrades dying in heaps:—well! you have just made my marrow shiver as I have never felt it before!"

Dumay thought he had moved the poet; but he had merely flattered him—an almost impossible feat, for the ambitious Canalis no longer remembered the first balsomical phial that eulogy had poured upon his head.

"Yes, my brave fellow!" said the poet solemnly, placing his hand upon Dumay's shoulder, and relishing the joke of making an Imperial soldier shiver, "this maiden is everything to you. But what is she in society? Nothing. Suppose at this moment the Emperor of China should expire, and put all the nation in mourning—would that cause you much grief? The English are killing thousands of men valued by us in the East, and the Indians are burning the loveliest woman in their land at a funeral pyre—but you haven't break fasted, I suppose; won't you take a cup of coffee? At this very moment, in Paris, many an infant may be cast into the world upon a bed of straw, without linen provided to clothe it!—Here is some delicious tea, in a cup worth five louis—and I write poems to make the Parisian women exclaim, 'Charming! charming! divine! delicious! that touches one's soul.' Social nature, like material nature, is very oblivious, monsieur. You will be astonished in ten years' time at the step you have now taken. You are in a town where people die, where they are married, where they are idolized, without attracting public notice,—where the girl poisons herself, or the man of genius founders with his cargo of great thoughts, in close vicinity, often under the same roof, without knowing each other; for Paris is too large for a man to trouble himself about individual events or

misfortunes among the crowd. And you come to ask one to weep with you over such an ordinary matter—the safety of a young girl of Havre! Oh, really you are..."

"And you call yourself a poet!" exclaimed Dumay. "You feel nothing, then, of what you write?"

"Ah! if we experienced all the woes and the joys of which we sing, we should be worn out in a few months like a pair of boots!" replied the poet, with a smile. "But you shall not have come from Havre to Paris, and to visit Canalis, without having something to take back with you. Soldier!"—and Canalis assumed the air of an Homeric hero—"learn this from the poet: Every great sentiment in a man is a poem so personal that even his best friend cannot share in it. It is a treasure peculiarly his own—it is..."

"Pardon me for interrupting you," said Dumay, who contemplated Canalis with horror—"have you been to Havre?"

"I passed a night and a day there, in the spring of 1824, as I was going to London."

"You are man of honour," resumed Dumay; "can you give me your word that you are unacquainted with Modeste Mignon?"

"The first time I ever heard the name," replied Canalis.

"Ah, monsieur!" exclaimed Dumay, "into what dark intrigue have I plunged my foot! Can I reckon upon you to aid my researches, for I am sure some one has been making an ill use of your name? You should have received a letter from Havre yesterday!"

"I have received none! Be assured, monsieur," said Canalis, "that I will do all in my power to be useful to you."

Dumay retired, with a heart full of anxiety, believing that the frightful Butscha had donned the skin of this great poet to seduce Modeste's affections; whilst, on the contrary, Butscha, intellectual and subtle as a prince bent upon vengeance, was prying into the life and actions of Canalis, escaping all observation by his littleness, like an insect that insinuates itself into the heart of a tree.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

THE QUEEN OF THE HIVE.

UPON a grassy mound I musing lay
One summer afternoon, in the still shade
Of fragrant jasmine and clematis bowers,
In one of those old gardens of the West,
Where flowers blossom'd at their own sweet will,
Half hidden in the grass and tangled ferns,
Some opening to the sun and amorous breeze,
And others to the dainty kiss of dew.
The whisper'd music of the dancing leaves
And trickling water from an old moss-fount,
And the mellifluous refrains of the thrush,
Were made more slumberous by the hum of bees;
And so I fell asleep—but in my dream
The drowsy music of the droning bees
Seem'd by enchantment grown articulate,
And I remember this, the song I heard
Sung by the Queen of that industrious realm,
Whose busy hive, close by among the trees,
Was magnified by Sleep into a World:—

I'm Queen, I'm Queen of a fairy realm—
Of woodland, vale, and lea;
And many a Queen of the race of men
Might learn to envy me.

My people I love, and they love me,
And all are so loyal and true,
That their chief delight is to work and live
For the good that they can do.

They have built me a palace richly dight,
And they bring me the daintiest store
From rings which Fairy-feet have blest
With wealth for evermore.

No Fairy queen of sparkling grot
Can boast such gems as I:—
My riches are brought from every clime
Beneath the changeable sky.

In Spring my people sally forth,
When the spirit of love first wakes,
When with silver laughter the meadow stream
From the mossy covert breaks.

And the primrose, and violet, and crocus bright
Are brought by the Flower Queen's train,
To woo us again to the world, that we
May forget the wind and the rain.

I know the Fairies all by name,
Whose homes are the fragrant flowers,
And often I see them as they pass
To the dance in the moonlight hours.

I wander in cool and ferny grots,
Or sail in a rose-leaf boat
Down the crystal stream in the golden light
Where the lily-flowers float.

And many a blue-eyed maiden fair
I've seen in these fairy spots,
Stooping to gather the graceful flowers
They call forget-me-nots.

And I read the secret in her eyes,
When I see her in later hours
Give kiss for kiss to the pride of her heart,
For whom she has gathered the flowers!

In Summer the jasmine woos me forth,
And she cools me with daintiest wine;
And a sweet enchantment through me thrills,
As her white arms round me twine.

Sometimes for my feast the strawberry blooms;
And when from its sweets I whirl,
The currant puts forth her juicy gems
Of jet, and ruby, and pearl!

The rose for me is a palace grand,
And I pass through its portals fair,
And the richest feast in its banquet-hall
The Fairy sprites prepare.

And the Fairies that dwell in the heart of the rose
For beauty all others eclipse,
And so sweet a welcome their fair queen gives
That I faint on her perfumed lips.

And when the sky is shadow'd with clouds,
And I need the spells of prayer,
Oh! the holiest shrine is the lily pale,
And I often worship there.

And the sweetest of music ever is mine;
But the sweetest that faintly swells
Is sound too pure for mortal ears,
As it peals from the gay blue-bells.

I know the language of the birds,
And I list to their tales of love
The warbled sweets of the nightingale,
Or the lark as he soars above.

I love that poet of all the birds
As he soars from the dewy sod—
The poet of birds, because he sings
Nearest to Heaven and God.

And when to my palace at night I come,
There's music sweet and clear;
And my people show me the riches they've brought
From lands afar and near.

And they feed me with daintiest honey-wine,
And carefully guard my crown,
Whilst with fragrance and music I fall asleep
On a bed of rose-leaf down.

THE PENCILLED LINE.

[Written after noticing a pencilled line in a copy of Mr. Tennyson's "Princess."]

A year ago, when Summer's glorious sun
Spangled the blue sea with its gems of light,
And heart and life seem'd like the swelling tide
Breaking with music round the happy shore—
Ella, the angel of my love, for whom
My heart has won and lost a Paradise,
Traced with a hand once fondly prest in mine
This pencil'd line beneath the Poet's thought—
"Than not be noble, better not be at all."

Oh! words of life in this drear world of death,
They come like echoes of an angel's song,
Like sounds of music from that far-off sea
Which once conceal'd these black and desolate rocks,
Even as Love with fairy hopes conceal'd
Sorrows of Change then sleeping in the heart:
And though the self-same hand that traced this line
Pluck'd from my being Life's best passion-flower,
And bound a crown of thorns upon my brow,
Yet would I kiss it for this legacy—
This wealth of thought left in the priceless words—
"Than not be noble, better not be at all."

Since last we met, like writings on the sand
How many hopes have vanish'd, pleasures flown,
Feelings and thoughts our hearts can know no more:
Yet 'midst the ruins of the heart I stand,
And seeing these words, I dream I hear thy voice
Sweet as before thy spirit pass'd from me
And 'mongst the living I beheld thee, dead—
The angel down that blest my life with love—
The fountain frozen, whose celestial spray
Gave life and fragrance to the heart's first flowers;
So will I take them as thy parting words,
Sacred as if the last from dying lips—
Remembering 'midst the strife of men and things,
The wreck of pleasure and the death of Love—
"Than not be noble, better not be at all."

Songs for Music.

It is intended from month to month, under this title, to publish suitable "Songs for Music." Applications from composers desiring to use the same, must be accompanied with a copy of their arrangements (not necessarily for publication), addressed to the Editor "Musical Monthly" Office.

CRICKETERS' SONG.

Beneath the green boughs of the beautiful trees
I saw you, friends, gather to-day—
Strong hearts, bold and free as the fetterless breeze—
And I heard your exulting shout, "Play!"

But as I beheld you all earnest to win
A leaf from the chaplet of fame,
I thought how much life from without and within
Resembles this fine, manly game!

For in the great world we may see, day by day,
Each man in the game takes his part;

And sounds that may well be interpreted—"Play!"
Are echoed from far crowded marts.

Dame Fortune gives long splendid "innings" to some,
And others have longer to wait;

But let's all do our best, friends, whatever may come,

And we shall win early or late!

Let's all take some side—true friend with his friend,

Determined the wrong to oppose;

Let us "block" well the balls the devil may send,

And "bowl out" the last of our foes!

Let us always be known as the friends of "Fair Play,"

Though tempted and tried all the more;

So that when the game's over, you may, as to-day,

Feel delight, not ashamed of the score.

May the "balls" of Misfortune around us fly "wide,"

And may men ne'er deride with a shout,

To find us the victims of terror or pride,

Amidst our temptations "caught out"!

But with health in the cheek, and with love-beaming eye,

With hearts and hands nerved with true skill,

May we ever the world-famous "wickets" keep high,

Of friendship, and peace, and goodwill!

THE CHOIR-MASTER OF THE GROVE.

HARMONY soundeth in every tree,
And sweet singing wherever I rove:

Who is it over the concert presides
Of the jubilant choir in the grove?

Is it the plover, appearing profound,
And nodding importantly there?

Is it that podant whose "cuckoo" resounds
In such regular time through the air?

Is it the grave-looking stork, whose long leg
Is at intervals striking the ground,

Seeming as if he directed them all
Who are making such music around?

No; it is here in my own heart he sits,
Who presides o'er the choir in the grove:

There I can feel he is beating the time,
And I know that his name must be Love.

MY FAVOURITE NAME.

THERE is a sweetly simple name,
Which hath a mystic spell,
Unknown to fortune or to fame:
Yet memory guards it well.
'Tis graven deep in letters bright,
Upon that secret scroll.

Where none but Love's blest names are traced—
The tablet of the Soul!

I never feel it on my lips
In hours of toil or pain,
But thoughts of Peace like violets smile
When bless'd with April rain;
And oh! enshrined with jealous care,
This Talisman within

Preserves me in temptation's hour
From many a snare of sin.

Blest is the heart to whom a name
So favour'd has been given
As hers, which first, on bended knee,
I breathe in Prayer to Heaven:

For oh! this is the star of thoughts,
Which sheds a light divine—
This name, so very dear, will soon
Be garlanded with mine.

MY WINTER NIGHT'S DREAMS.

I dreamt that leaves were springing
From every branch and tree—
That many birds were singing
A wild glad melody;

The sunshine of the summer
Did on my pathway glow—
I woke from out my dreaming,
And saw the falling snow.

I dreamt I heard the voices
Of streams wandering by,
And saw the blue clouds floating
Along the clear bright sky;

That myriad scented flow'rets
Did their sweet faces show—
I woke from out my dreaming,
To see the falling snow.

Oh! like the thoughts of future,
My dreams that winter's night;
Air castles all we picture
So glorious and bright;

Hope's flow'rets all so beautiful

In summer's sunshine glow—

We wake amidst the future,
To see the falling snow.

Printed and published by ABRAHAM GOULD, at the Office of the "MUSICAL MONTHLY," 23 Frit Street, Soho Square, London, W.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1st, 1864.

METZLER AND CO.'S SELECT CATALOGUE OF NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

Explanation of the Abbreviations intended to facilitate the Choice:-

S. Soprano.

M. Mezzo Soprano.

G. Contralto or Baritone.

T. Tenor.

B. Bass.

Songs from "Cousin Kate."

An Operetta for the Drawing-Room, by

W. M. LUTZ.

m. Peeping through the window blind	2 6
t. In-drear and dark December	2 6
t. I'll tell her when we meet	2 6
m. Leap Year	2 6
t. Cousin Kate	2 6
t. I'm no Coquette (Duet, Soprano and Tenor)	4 0

The Complete Work for Voice and Piano, small edition 10 6

Songs from "The Haunted Mill."

An Operetta for the Drawing-Room, by

J. E. MALLANDAINE.

m. The times we have met in the mill	2 6
t. Flora	2 6
m. I'd once a London lover	2 6
t. Mary wreathed her shining hair	2 6
Gentle stranger (Duet, Soprano and Tenor)	3 0

The Complete Work for Voice and Piano, small edition 7 6

Songs from "Dreamland."

VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

c. Dreams of those who love me	2 6
c. Light through darkness	2 6
m. Slumber, mine own, in G	2 6
a. Ditto in E flat	2 6
t. Win or die	2 0
Swift flows the sea (Duet, Soprano and Tenor)	2 6

The Complete Work for Voice and Piano, folio size 12 0

Songs from "Harvest Home."

G. B. ALLEN.

t. Young Lubin of the vale	2 0
c. My own dear native fields	2 0
a. Where the primrose decks the well	2 0
b. The man of the mill	2 6
Be still, O ye winds (Duet, Soprano and Tenor)	3 0

The Complete Work for Voice and Piano, folio size 12 0

Songs by Glinka.

c. Orphan's Song	2 6
a. The Lark	2 6
m. Sleep, my babe	2 6

Songs by Franz Abt.

m. Birds and the Bee (with German and English words).	
The English version by George Linley	2 6
b. Echoes of the Chase ditto	2 6
m. The Mountain Violet ditto	2 6
m. My heart's with thee ditto	2 6
s. Sweet bird, come hither ditto	2 6
m. Under my Window ditto	2 6
s. Young Cavalier ditto	2 6
m. When the Swallows (Agatha)	2 0

Christy's Minstrels' New Songs.

<i>These Popular Songs, being all of moderate compass, are suited to any voice.</i>	
Mother would comfort me (always encored)	2 6
Beneath the weeping willow	2 6
Blue eyed Nelly	2 6
Brother's fainting at the door	2 6
Carrie Lee	2 6
Day our mother died	2 6
Nellie's gone for ever	2 0
Silver moonlight winds (<i>Illus.</i>)	2 6
Weeping sad and lonely	2 6
Why are my loved ones gone?	2 6
Beautiful Norah	2 6
Down in the valley	2 6
Annie Liale	2 6
The moon behind the hill	2 0
Good-bye, Sam	2 6
Tapioea (Comic)	2 6
The sly young coon (Comic)	2 0
Under the willow she's sleeping	2 0
I'm going home to Dixey (Walk-round)	2 6
With hearts light and joyous (<i>Traviata</i> Opening Chorus)	3 0

Drawing-room Comic Songs.

<i>These following Songs, being all of moderate compass, are suitable for any voice.</i>	
A Horrible Tale	2 6
Betsy Waving	2 6
British Lion, The	2 6
Captain Jenks	2 6
Drummer to the Corps	2 6
Dundreary's Brother Sam	2 6
Happy little man, The	3 0
I don't intend to wed	2 6
Just a little too late (Hatton)	3 0
Lord Ronald the bold	3 0
Ladies' Opportunity, The (Song for Leap Year)	2 6
Ladies' Man, The	2 6
Maid in the Moon, The	2 6
Merriest girl that's out, The	2 6
Nightmare, The (Grand Scene)	3 0
No, Willie, we've not missed you	2 0
Queer news from home	2 0
Red Petticoat, The (Song for Leap Year)	2 6
Seven Dials Tragedy, The	2 6
Somebody	2 6
Sparkling Champagne	2 6
Uncle Jack (Hatton)	2 6
Unprotected female	2 6
When George the Third was King	2 6

Most of the above are illustrated in colors.

LONDON: METZLER & CO., 37, 38, 35 & 36, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

misfortunes among the crowd. And you come to ask one to weep with you over such an ordinary matter—the safety of a young girl of Havre! Oh, really you are..."

"And you call yourself a poet!" exclaimed Dumay. "You feel nothing, then, of what you write?"

"Ah! if we experienced all the woes and the joys of which we sing, we should be worn out in a few months like a pair of boots!" replied the poet, with a smile. "But you shall not have come from Havre to Paris, and to visit Canalis, without having something to take back with you. Soldier!"—and Canalis assumed the air of an Homeric hero—"learn this from the poet: Every great sentiment in a man is a poem so personal that even his best friend cannot share in it. It is a treasure peculiarly his own—it is..."

"Pardon me for interrupting you," said Dumay, who contemplated Canalis with horror—"have you been to Havre?"

"I passed a night and a day there, in the spring of 1824, as I was going to London."

"You are man of honour," resumed Dumay; "can you give me your word that you are unacquainted with Modeste Mignon?"

"The first time I ever heard the name," replied Canalis.

"Ah, monsieur!" exclaimed Dumay, "into what dark intrigue have I plunged my foot! Can I reckon upon you to aid my researches, for I am sure some one has been making an ill use of your name? You should have received a letter from Havre yesterday!"

"I have received none! Be assured, monsieur," said Canalis, "that I will do all in my power to be useful to you."

Dumay retired, with a heart full of anxiety, believing that the frightful Butsch had donned the skin of this great poet to seduce Modeste's affections; whilst, on the contrary, Butsch, intellectual and subtle as a prince bent upon vengeance, was prying into the life and actions of Canalis, escaping all observation by his littleness, like an insect that insinuates itself into the heart of a tree.

(To be continued.)

Poetr y.

THE QUEEN OF THE HIVE.

UPON a grassy mound I musing lay
One summer afternoon, in the still shade
Of fragrant jasmine and clematis bowers,
In one of those old gardens of the West,
Where flowers blossom'd at their own sweet will,
Half hidden in the grass and tangled ferns,
Some opening to the sun and amorous breeze,
And others to the dainty kiss of dew.
The whisper'd music of the dancing leaves
And trickling water from an old moss-fount,
And the mellifluous refrains of the thrush,
Were made more slumberous by the hum of bees;
And so I fell asleep—but in my dream
The drowsy music of the droning bees
Seem'd by enchantment grown articulate,
And I remember this, the song I heard
Sung by the Queen of that industrious realm,
Whose busy hive, close by among the trees,
Was magnified by Sleep into a World:—

I'm Queen, I'm Queen of a fairy realm—
Of woodland, vale, and lea;
And many a Queen of the race of men
Might learn to envy me.

My people I love, and they love me,
And all are so loyal and true,
That their chief delight is to work and live
For the good that they can do.

They have built me a palace richly dight,
And they bring me the daintiest store
From rings which Fairy-feet have blest
With wealth for evermore.

No Fairy queen of sparkling grot
Can boast such gems as I:—
My riches are brought from every clime
Beneath the changeful sky.

In Spring my people sally forth,
When the spirit of love first wakes,
When with silver laughter the meadow stream
From the mossy covert breaks.

And the primrose, and violet, and crocus bright
Are brought by the Flower Queen's train,
To woo us again to the world, that we
May forget the wind and the rain.

I know the Fairies all by name,
Whose homes are the fragrant flowers,
And often I see them as they pass
To the dance in the moonlight hours.

I wander in cool and ferny grots,
Or sail in a rose-leaf boat
Down the crystal stream in the golden light
Where the lily-flowers float.

And many a blue-eyed maiden fair
I've seen in these fairy spots,
Stooping to gather the graceful flowers
They call forget-me-nots.

And I read the secret in her eyes,
When I see her in later hours
Give kiss for kiss to the pride of her heart,
For whom she has gather'd the flowers!

In Summer the jasmine woos me forth,
And she cools me with daintiest wine;
And a sweet enchantment through me thrills,
As her white arms round me twine.

Sometimes for my feast the strawberry blooms;
And when from its sweets I whirl,
The currant puts forth her juicy gems
Of jet, and ruby, and pearl!

The rose for me is a palace grand,
And I pass through its portals fair,
And the richest feast in our banquet-hall
The Fairy sprites prepare.

And the Fairies that dwell in the heart of the rose
For beauty all others eclipse,
And so sweet a welcome their fair queen gives
That I faint on her perfumed lips.

And when the sky is shadow'd with clouds,
And I need the spells of prayer,
Oh! the holiest shrine is the lily pale,
And I often worship there.

And the sweetest of music ever is mine;
But the sweetest that faintly swells
Is sound too pure for mortal ears,
As it peals from the gay blue-bells.

I know the language of the birds,
And I list to their tales of love
The warbled sweets of the nightingale,
Or the lark as he soars above.

I love that poet of all the birds
As he soars from the dewy sod—
The poet of birds, because he sings
Nearest to Heaven and God.

And when to my palace at night I come,
There's music sweet and clear;
And my people show me the riches they've brought
From lands afar and near.

And they feed me with daintiest honey-wine,
And carefully guard my crown,
Whilst with fragrance and music I fall asleep
On a bed of rose-leaf down.

THE PENCILLED LINE.

[Written after noticing a pencilled line in a copy of Mr. Tennyson's "Princes."]

A year ago, when Summer's glorious sun
Spangled the blue sea with its gems of light,
And heart and life seem'd like the swelling tide
Breaking with music round the happy shore—
Ella, the angel of my love, for whom
My heart has won and lost a Paradise,
Traced with a hand once fondly prest in mine
This pencil'd line beneath the Poet's thought—
"Than not be noble, better not be at all."

Oh! words of life in this drear world of death,
They come like echoes of an angel's song,
Like sounds of music from that far-off sea
Which once conceal'd these black and desolate rocks,
Even as Love with fairy hopes conceal'd
Sorrows of Change then sleeping in the heart:
And though the self-same hand that traced this line
Pluck'd from my being Life's best passion-flower,
And bound a crown of thorns upon my brow,
Yet would I kiss it for this legacy—
This wealth of thought left in the priceless words—
"Than not be noble, better not be at all."

Since last we met, like writings on the sand
How many hopes have vanish'd, pleasures flown,
Feelings and thoughts our hearts can know no more:
Yet 'midst the ruins of the heart I stand,
And seeing these words, I dream I hear thy voice
Sweet as before thy spirit pass'd from me
And 'mongst the living I beheld thee, dead—
The angel flown that blest my life with love—
The fountain frozen, whose celestial spray
Gave life and fragrance to the heart's first flowers;
So will I take them as thy parting words,
Sacred as if the last from dying lips—
Remembering 'midst the strife of men and things,
The wreck of pleasure and the death of Love—
"Than not be noble, better not be at all."

Songs for Music.

It is intended from month to month, under this title, to publish suitable "Songs for Music." Applications from composers desiring to use the same, must be accompanied with a copy of their arrangements (not necessarily for publication), addressed to the Editor "Musical Monthly" Office.]

CRICKETERS' SONG.

Beneath the green boughs of the beautiful trees
I saw you, friends, gather to-day—
Strong hearts, bold and free as the fetterless breeze—
And I heard your exulting shout, "Play!"
But as I beheld you all earnest to win
A leaf from the chaplet of fame,
I thought how much life from without and within
Resembles this fine, manly game!
For in the great world we may see, day by day,
Each man in the game takes his parts;
And sounds that may well be interpreted—"Play!"
Are echoed from far crowded marts.
Damo Fortune gives long splendid "innings" to some,
And others have longer to wait;
But let's all do our best, friends, whatever may come,
And we shall win early or late!
Let's all take some side—true friend with his friend,
Determined the wrong to oppose;
Let us "block" well the ball the devil may send,
And "bowled" out the last of our foes!
Let us always be known as the friends of "Fair Play,"
Though tempted and tried all the more;
So that when the game's over, you may, as to-day,
Feel delight, not ashamed of the score.
May the "balls" of Misfortune around us fly "wide;"
And may men ne'er deride with a shout,
To find us the victims of error or pride,
Amidst our temptations "caught out"!
But with health in the cheek, and with love-beaming eye,
With hearts and hands nerved with true skill,
May we ever the world-famous "wickets" keep high,
Of friendship, and peace, and goodwill!

THE CHOIR-MASTER OF THE GROVE.

HARMONY soundeth in every tree,
And sweet singing wherever I rove:
Who is it over the concert presides
Of the jubilant choir in the grove?
Is it the plover, appearing profound,
And nodding importantly there?
Is it that pedant whose "cuckoo" resounds
In such regular time through the air?
Is it the grave-looking stork, whose long leg
Is at intervals striking the ground,
Seeming as if he directed them all
Who are making such music around?
No; it is here in my own heart he sits,
Who presides o'er the choir in the grove:
There I can feel he is beating the time,
And I know that his name must be Love.

MY FAVOURITE NAME.

THERE is a sweetly simple name,
Which hath a mystic spell,
Unknown to fortune or to fame;
Yet memory guards it well.
'Tis graven deep in letters bright,
Upon that secret scroll
Where none but Love's blest names are traced—
The tablet of the Soul!
I never feel it on my lips
In hours of toil or pain,
But thoughts of Peace like violets smile
When blest'd with April rain;
And oh! enshrined with jealous care,
This Talisman within
Preserves me in temptation's hour
From many a snare of sin.
Blest is the heart to whom a name
So favour'd has been given
As hers, which first, on bended knee,
I breathe in Prayer to Heaven:
For oh! this is the star of thoughts,
Which sheds a light divine—
This name, so very dear, will soon
Be garlanded with mine.

MY WINTER NIGHT'S DREAMS.

I dreamt that leaves were springing
From every branch and tree—
That many birds were singing
A wild glad melody;
The sunshine of the summer
Did on my pathway glow:—
I woke from out my dreaming,
And saw the falling snow.
I dreamt I heard the voices
Of streamlets wandering by,
And saw the blue clouds floating
Along the clear bright sky;
That myriad scented flow'rets
Did their sweet faces show:—
I woke from out my dreaming,
To see the falling snow.
Oh! like the thoughts of future,
My dreams that winter's night;
Air castles all we picture
So glorious and bright;
Hope's flow'rets all so beautiful
In summer's sunshine glow:—
We wake amidst the future,
To see the falling snow.

Printed and published by ABRAHAM GOULD, at the Office of the "MUSICAL MONTHLY," 33 Frith Street, Soho Square, London, W.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1ST, 1864.

METZLER AND CO.'S
SELECT CATALOGUE
OF
NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

Explanation of the Abbreviations intended to facilitate the Choice:—

S. Soprano.

M. Mezzo Soprano.

C. Contralto or Baritons.

T. Tenor.

B. Bass.

Songs from "Cousin Kate."

An Operetta for the Drawing-Room, by

W. M. LUTZ.

m. Peeping through the window blind	2 6
t. In-drear and dark December	2 6
t. I'll tell her when we meet	2 6
m. Leap Year	2 6
t. Cousin Kate	2 6
I'm no Coquette (Duet, Soprano and Tenor)	4 0

The Complete Work for Voice and Piano, small edition 10 6

Songs from "The Haunted Mill."

An Operetta for the Drawing-Room, by

J. E. MALLANDAINE.

m. The times we have met in the mill	2 6
t. Flora	2 6
m. I'd once a London lover	2 6
t. Mary wreathed her shining hair	2 6
Gentle stranger (Duet, Soprano and Tenor)	3 0

The Complete Work for Voice and Piano, small edition 7 6

Songs from "Dreamland."

VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

c. Dreams of those who love me	2 6
c. Light through darkness	2 6
m. Slumber, mine own, in C	2 6
a. Ditto in E flat	2 6
t. Win or die	3 0
Swift flows the sea (Duet, Soprano and Tenor)	2 6

The Complete Work for Voice and Piano, folio size 12 0

Songs from "Harvest Home."

G. B. ALLEN.

t. Young Lubin of the vale	2 0
c. My own dear native fields	2 0
a. Where the primrose decks the well	2 0
b. The man of the mill	2 6
Be still, O ye winds (Duet, Soprano and Tenor)	3 0

The Complete Work for Voice and Piano, folio size 12 0

Songs by Glinka.

c. Orphan's Song	2 6
s. The Lark	2 6
m. Sleep, my babe	2 6

LONDON: METZLER & CO., 37, 38, 35 & 36, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

Songs by Franz Abt.

m. Birds and the Bee (with German and English words). The English version by George Linley	2 6
b. Echoes of the Chase ditto	2 6
m. The Mountain Violet ditto	2 6
m. My heart's with thee ditto	2 6
s. Sweet bird, come hither ditto	2 6
m. Under my Window ditto	2 6
s. Young Cavalier ditto	2 6
m. When the Swallows (Agatha)	2 0

Christy's Minstrels' New Songs.

These Popular Songs, being all of moderate compass, are suited to any voice.

Mother would comfort me (always encored)	2 6
Beneath the weeping willow	2 6
Blue eyed Nelly	2 6
Brother's fainting at the door	2 6
Carrie Lee	2 6
Day our mother died	2 6
Nellie's gone for ever	2 0
Silver moonlight winds (Illus.)	2 6
Weeping sad and lonely	2 6
Why are my loved ones gone?	2 6
Beautiful Norah	2 6
Down in the valley	2 6
Annie Lisle	2 6
The moon behind the hill	2 0
Good-bye, Sam	2 6
Tapioca (Comic)	2 6
The sly young coon (Comic)	2 0
Under the willow she's sleeping	2 0
I'm going home to Dixey (Walk-round)	2 6
With hearts light and joyous (<i>Traviata</i> Opening Chorus)	3 0

Drawing-room Comic Songs.

The following Songs, being all of moderate compass, are suitable for any voice.

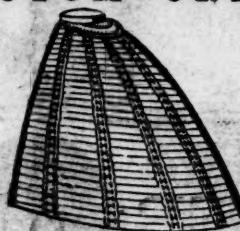
A Horrible Tale	2 6
Betsy Wareing	2 6
British Lion, The	2 6
Captain Jenks	2 6
Drummer to the Corps	2 6
Dundreary's Brother Sam	2 6
Happy little man, The	3 0
I don't intend to wed	2 6
Just a little too late (Hatton)	3 0
Lord Ronald the bold	3 0
Ladies' Opportunity, The (Song for Leap Year)	2 6
Ladies' Man, The	2 6
Maid in the Moon, The	2 6
Merriest girl that's out, The	2 6
Nightmare, The (Grand Scena)	3 0
No, Willie, we've not missed you	2 0
Queer news from home	2 0
Red Petticoat, The (Song for Leap Year)	2 6
Seven Dials Tragedy, The	2 6
Somebody	2 6
Sparkling Champagne	2 6
Uncle Jack (Hatton)	2 6
Unprotected female	2 6
When George the Third was King	2 6

Most of the above are illustrated in colors.

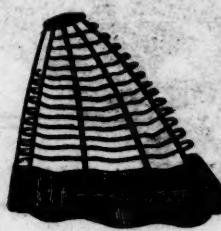
SANSFLECTUM CRINOLINES.



Puffed Horsehair Jupon (Registered),
22s., 24s., and 26s., in Grey;
White, 1s. extra.



The Sansflectum Jupon, 18s. 6d.
15s. 6d., 18s. 6d., and 21s. Muslin Covers,
2s. 6d.; Llama or Alpaca, 5s. 1d.



Ondina, or Waved Jupon,
18s. 6d., and 21s.;
Coloured Llama, 22s. 6d.

"The Sansflectum Crinoline is admirably adapted for the promenade. As an Autumn Skirt, it is invaluable." —COURT JOURNAL.
"The Patent ONDINA, or Waved Jupon, does away with the unsightly results of the ordinary hoops; and so perfect are the wave-like bands that a lady may ascend a steep stair, lean against a table, throw herself into an arm-chair, pass to her stall at the Opera, or occupy a fourth seat in a carriage, without inconvenience to herself or others, or provoking rude remarks of the observer, thus modifying, in an important degree all those peculiarities tending to destroy the modesty of English women; and lastly, it allows the dress to fall into graceful folds." —LADY'S NEWSPAPER.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET OF CRINOLINES, FROM £1.50 TO £2.00, POST FREE.

E. PHILPOTT,

FAMILY DRAPER AND JUPON MANUFACTURER, 37 PICCADILLY.

APOKATHARTIKON,

THE MAGIC GLOVE CLEANER,

Has already superseded every article of the kind,

FOR CLEANING GLOVES, AND REMOVING GREASE, AND OTHER IMPURITIES

FROM EVERY KIND OF

CLOTHING AND DRAPERY, NO MATTER WHAT THE FABRIC, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE MATERIAL.

It leaves no nauseous smell; on the contrary, it perfumes every article to which it is applied. Sold by all Chemists, price ONE SHILLING per Bottle, None is genuine, unless the label on the bottle bears the Brand of the Firm, an Anchor crossed with the initials E. C. and C. B.



LONDON BRIDGE

DEANE & CO (OPENING TO THE MONUMENT) 46 KING WILLIAM ST CITY

NEWTON WILSON & CO

THESE Machines are far superior to any others manufactured, whether for family or manufacturing uses. They are lighter and easier to operate, simpler to learn, quieter in action, and less liable to derangement. The range of work performed is greater than any; they form the hem, fell, gather, quilt, braid, and embroidery, and stitch, without any alteration of machine, the finest cambric or the heaviest material. They are the only machines that will do hem-stitching, and the only machines that will make their own braid and stitch it on at the same moment.

In use by Her Majesty the Queen, the Empress of the French, and most of the Nobility and Clergy.

They are sent out completely threaded up, and with full printed Directions for use.

144 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON

MEASURES REQUIRED.
CIRCUMFERENCE AT A. B.
DEPTH FROM C TO D.

TO LADIES.
THE SPIRAL ELASTIC
ABDOMINAL BELTS.

THE more frequent and earlier adoption of this Belt previous to Accouchement would prevent many of the distressing results so often complained of after confinement. During pregnancy, the support derived from its use will afford the greatest relief, securing a more favorable time, while by its use after parturition, the general and equal pressure afforded secures the restoration of shape, and the contraction so essential to ultimate recovery.

It is recommended by the first Accouchers of the day in cases of prolapse uteri, dropsy, and obesity, and, when fitted with air pads for umbilical and inguinal hernia, in preference to stool trusses.

Illustrated Catalogues on application to
EDWARD OR MRS. HUXLEY, 12 OLD CAVENDISH STREET,
OXFORD STREET.



By Her

Royal Letters



Majesty's

Patent.

TEETH WITHOUT SPRINGS.

OSTEO-EIDON, MESSRS. GABRIEL'S SPECIALITE.

THE numerous advantages, such as comfort, purity of materials, economy, and freedom from pain, obtainable hereby, are explained in Messrs. GABRIEL'S pamphlet on the Teeth, just published, free by Post, or gratis on application.



27 HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, and LUDGATE HILL, (over BENSON, Silversmith, LONDON; 184 DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL; 65 NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM).

American Mineral Teeth, without springs, best in Europe, from Four to Seven, and Ten to Fifteen Guineas per set, warranted. Single Teeth and partial sets at proportionately moderate charges.

Only one visit required at the London Establishments from Country Patients.

Whole sets made in one day where time is an object.

Specimens, as exhibited at the International Exhibition, may be seen at the Crystal Palace (Industrial Court), and at the Polytechnic Institution.



LADIES' ELASTIC SUPPORTING BANDS,

For use before and after Accouchement; admirably adapted for giving efficient support, with

EXTREME LIGHTNESS,

a point little attended to in the comparatively clumsy contrivances and fabrics hitherto employed; also

ELASTIC STOCKINGS.

Instructions for measurement, with prices, on application; and the articles sent

BY POST FROM THE MANUFACTURERS AND INVENTORS,

POPE AND PLANTE,

4 WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

EXPERIENCED FEMALE ATTENDANTS.